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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

CHRISTMAS.

The time is solemn, but it is not sad;
The glen descending year may cast its shade
Across our path, and tempt us to lament
The loss of brighter, greener days; but still
The heart appeals to that which cannot die,
And now is open most to charity.
For love life's perennial plant, and blooms
Alike in every clime and every soil.
But this her crowning hour. Not alone having
Warms the young blood, and stimulates the force
Of appetite and fancy, but when all
Th' unbroken family are met once more
Around some well-known hearth, and give the rein
To household pleasures. Draw the curtains close
And File the blazing fire. Check not the close
Bright laugh of childhood; but call young and old
To festive gambols. Spread the table well
With hospitable cheer. Let genial Mirth
With innocence go hand in hand. Now drown
Each rankling grievance in the rising tide
Of deep domestic happiness. Forget
The fierce anxieties of life. Forget
The dreary world without, or give more thanks
For comforts so contrasted with its gloom.
But oh! remember such as these there not;
Amidst thy banquet think upon the poor,
And grudge them not their portion, lest they cry
To Heaven against thee, and so close the gate
Of mercy on thy prayer. Fear not that God
Will frown upon His children's pastime. Go,
Enjoy his bounty freely, but withal
Show mercy to His creatures. Nay, then start,
Scan not their faults too sharply, unless thou
Thyself art faultless. But consider well
They are Christ's legacy. Thy gifts to them
Are by himself endorsed. To send away
A suppliant is to turn Him from your door.
With these—the open heart, and open hand—
E'en freezing winter has its joys.
Come then, and let us learn to kneel awhile
Around the death-bed of another year,
And think how God has led us, by a way
We knew not, through the wilderness of life,
Has taught our ignorance, has heard our prayers,
Has healed our sorrows, and relieved our wants,
Crowned us with mercies, stooped us from foes,
Has given His Son to suffer in our stead,
Has sent His spirit to inspire our hearts,
And opened universality to man.

DELTA.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sir Harris Stanhope, born a younger son of a good family, was, on leaving *Alma Mater*, appointed to an office under Government, upon a very moderate salary. His father, having a numerous progeny to provide for, previously to entrusting them to the emoluments and rewards offered by a liberal country to the scions of the aristocracy, could only spare him a very moderate addition to the income he received from the aforesaid country. Harris Stanhope, therefore, finding that he possessed expensive tastes in common with many wealthy young men with whom his own position in society enabled him to associate, and that those tastes could only be gratified out of the purses of his friends, made himself a sort of useful companion to the richest among them who needed confidential services, mostly of a questionable kind.

When people to whom money is not an object require such services to be performed by a confidant, they are usually very ready to furnish the means of indulging their luxurious appetites, and if their inclinations run in that direction, of sharing in their enjoyment.

Harris Stanhope formed an intimacy with Lord Kingswood at college, and he kept up the acquaintance after both had left it, because his lordship was possessed of large funds, and was liberal and free-handed with them.

Lord Kingswood was then whimsical in his tastes and capricious in his fancies. He left to a later day a rigid adherence to morality. He put off to the day of the sere and yellow leaf compunction and repentance, as well as the strict performance of those duties which combine to make a life blameless. But he was proud, and therefore objected to do his own dirty work. In Harris Stanhope he found a ready tool. He paid for Stanhope's enjoyments, and in return Stanhope transacted all those small meannesses and graver rascalities for him which he could not stoop to arrange himself, although actually the promoter of them and the recipient of such advantages as they produced.

Lord Kingswood was not the only one to whom Harris Stanhope unsealed such a part. There were others with similar weaknesses and similar pride, and Harris Stanhope, from them, gained patronage and preferment, until he was enabled to enter the field of diplomacy, and at the same time matrimony. He obtained a lucrative appointment and a rich wife together, "blood hands," and left for a time the scene of his former fripperies and contemptible knaveries.

There was no change, with his fortune, in his nature. His diplomatic labors only more fully developed his bad qualities. He, long seasoned, cheated, tricked more than ever, and his performances were executed beneath a very specious assumption of frankness and obliging good-nature. He made it a rule never to lose a friend. They were always, he said, easier to lose than to gain, and he at the same time was wholly ignorant of the value of one of whom he could make no use—indeed, he considered only those of his acquaintance friends of whom he could make use.

Much intercourse with men as subtle, astute, treacherous and plausible as himself, had schooled him into a habitual expression of features which defied the influence of inward emotion. He had trained himself not to betray surprise. It had been a hard task, but he had mastered it. Conversations of the highest importance to the Government and the nation he represented, were listened to by him with intense attention, while his eyes twinkled, his lips smiled, and he chattered badinage with some fair and sprightly dame at hand. He had caught unguarded acknowledgments from grave statesmen, which would have overwhelmed some men with an imperturbable serenity of features, and had met many an astounding announcement with a seeming indifference, only too often attributed to stolidity.

Yet there were some surprises in store for him, against which even he was not proof.

He came abruptly upon Erie, and Erie presented him a living resemblance of a face which he had never forgotten.

Not in his secret dissipations, his public galeties, his diplomatic finessing, or his domestic endearments.

Years had, perhaps, gradually weakened its force; but it had not obliterated it. At times it would appear with startling vividness before him; but then usually it was in silent places, and in the dark night.

Now, within his own household, it, in an unexpected moment, beaming with young, animated life, blazed in his eyes.

It was as though, suddenly, out of the realms of death, one young and beautiful had suddenly sprung to confront him, and announce a terrible retribution.

The whole frightful history of that stained young creature crashed through his brain at one swoop; a thousand thoughts and incidents welded together into a thunderbolt to whirl through his guilty head and destroy him.

At the very moment he prided himself on possessing the power of defying the most penetrating eye to read in his face what was passing in his mind, he was smitten down with paralyzing fright, as a child would have been on encountering some fearful spectre.

Neither Carlton or his sister Beatrice had ever seen their father thus affected. He had, in short, been always, in their belief, impenetrable to any emotion. They had never been able to comprehend him, because they had often found him angry and offended with them at a time when he appeared to be amiable, complaisant and affectionate.

They neither for a moment, therefore, traced his sudden swoon to its true cause, but thought it one of those sudden and frightful attacks to which human nature is at times liable.

Assistance was speedily summoned, and Sir Harris, after a certain amount of careful attention, and the application of restoratives, was revived, and, carefully assisted to his bedroom.

The first object to which he turned his ghastly face and anxious eyes was Erie, at whom he looked intently and fixedly for a minute. Then he gazed upon the solicitous and alarmed countenances of his children, and then he seemed to comprehend all.

He rose up, dismissed his domestics, and pressing his hands over his eyes several times, he paced the room without speaking.

Beatrice, his daughter, who had watched him in terror from the first moment he was seized with faintness, followed him after he had taken several turns, and, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, said—

"You are very ill, dear papa; will you not retire to your room? Your own medical attendant will be here in a few minutes, and—"

"Send and countermand his attendance," interrupted her father, with a momentary glance at Erie, and an apparently fond look in his eyes. "I am not ill, my love. I have suffered from a sudden attack of vertige; I have been engaged in very anxious, harrassing duties, and when such business as I have been employed on for the country becomes more than usually onerous, my poor head suffers for it—that is all, my love. Do not think of it any more, and oblige me by not again mentioning or referring to it."

He delivered the last sentence in a tone slightly more emphatic than the previous one, and Beatrice seemed to comprehend him, for she went to him as respectfully as if he were an Emperor, and then fell back to her former place.

Sir Harris Stanhope then advanced to Erie, and addressed him in a very frank and pleasing manner, and alluded with consummate skill to the history his son had given to him of their acquaintance, its origin, and its sudden, strange renewal. With exquisite tact he constructed his observations so that they should take the character, without the form, of questions; but Erie, feeling that he, in some way, was the author of the emotion Sir Harris had exhibited, preserved the greatest reserve respecting himself, and, in fact, purposely displayed a disinclination to reply to any inferences or suppositions having reference to himself or his presumed connections.

Baffled, but not discouraged, Sir Harris resolved to know more about him, and that at once. He had already gathered that Erie was known to Lord Kingswood, and he, was not in the least doubt himself as to who he was. He had believed, with Lord Kingswood, that the son of the victim to the machinations of both had died and was buried in the precincts of a forest, in a lone, solitary unconsecrated spot; but now he was convinced that it was not only not dead and entombed, but that it was before him now in the full possession of young and vigorous life.

He knew that it was the *legitimate* son of Lord Kingswood who gazed upon him so deeply and haughtily, and what he now wanted to know was the terms upon which the pleasant youth stood with his father.

He was unacknowledged, that was clear, and it was a point of much importance to Sir Harris to positively ascertain who, besides himself and Lord Kingswood, were in possession of his terrible secret. That it would prove of value to him, he did not doubt; that he would endeavor to compel it to be so, he very strenuously inwardly vowed himself.

Lord Kingswood's countenance at last parted with Lord Kingswood. He had heard his lordship mention his intention to take a drive with Lady Kingswood in the park. He thought it would be a neat and desirable piece of manœuvring to proceed to the park, too, with Erie in his company.

A perusal of the features of Lord and Lady Kingswood, when they beheld Mr. Gower in his society, would sufficiently indicate to him how matters stood between them.

"Your horse and groom is at the door, Mr. Gower," he said, after he found that he gained no ground by his dexterously-put observations. "If you are not better engaged, what say you to a gallop in the ride? Town is very full, and the park will be very animated. After my little mishap just now, a ride will act as a restorative to me."

Erie bowed a little stiffly.

"I shall have much pleasure," he said, "in attending you."

"I will accompany you, sir, with your permission," exclaimed Carlton, with quick earnestness.

"By all means," replied his father.

At the same moment he caught Beatrice bending a most appealing and beseeching look at her brother.

He understood it instantly. For a moment his brows knitted.

Then a sudden, new, and startling thought flashed through his brain.

He turned to his daughter.

"Beatrice, my love," he observed, in a well-counterfeited tone of affection, "your face tells of too much confinement to your chamber. If you will promise to be quick with your toilet, we will all try to prevail upon you to join us."

A rosy flush crimsoned her brow, she murmured her thanks, and disappeared from the room with very prompt rapidity.

During her absence, Sir Harris Stanhope again skillfully directed the conversation into a channel calculated to urge Erie to communicate what had followed his leaving Dr. Cramboy's establishment, but Beatrice returned, equipped in her riding-habit and becoming hat adorned with a pheasant's plume, before he had been able to elicit a single acknowledgment calculated to enlighten him on the points he desired to become acquainted with.

They were quickly in the park, and found it as Sir Harris Stanhope had suggested, thronged with fashionables, all on the move, passing each other in the same or in opposite directions, mounted on horseback, or seated in equipages of innumerable varieties of shape and make.

Equestrians dressed in the highest and flightiest styles of fashion, graduating down to the soberest and gravest modes, were disporting on steeds ranging from the thoroughbred to the common hack; ladies and gentlemen were whirled along in carriages, broughams, mail-phaetons, open landaus, sociables, phaetons, basket-carriages, tilburies, and cabs; pedestrians in every variety of costume, patrician and parvenu, cart and dog fancier, countess and cartswoman, elbowed each other in their passage to and fro, helping, by the startling contrasts they afforded to relieve and raise, to render the whole scene, lighted up by a brilliant, though declining sun, singularly animated and impressive.

The tide of human life surged and seethed there—in the roadway, and on the pathways—one floating stream of living creatures, who, though all dissimilar from the common Adam, and the generations in justling connection, were yet so widely separated from each other by rank, position, and wealth, as are porcelain and potters' clay.

Erie had witnessed this scene before, but to-day it had an unusual and a strange fascination for him.

Previously, when he had visited it in company with Carlton, he shrunk from observation, and gazed about him but little. His adventure with Philip Avon, and his flight from Kingswood Hall sat heavy upon him. He was anxious, therefore, to avoid notice, and, as quickly as he could, escape from the bustling, brilliant scene. Now that he was, in a degree, independent of control, and had nothing to fear from the consequences of his duel, or his departure from the roof of Lord Kingswood, he was inspired with a peculiar desire to see and be seen.

Not that the throngs of gazers, many young and lovely, especially attracted his attention; for, if the truth must be told, he looked steadfastly and continuously for one face.

Many a young, charming countenance was turned towards him with an admiring expression on the delicately-formed features, but they were suffered to pass by without a second glance, for they were unrecognized, and their beauty went by unnoticed.

He was mounted on a valuable mettlesome blood-horse, and sat it with grace and firmness. Beatrice Stanhope, a singularly attractive girl—herself a most excellent horsewoman, rode by his side, and commanded a large share of that attention which was paid to Erie.

Sir Harris Stanhope, who rode by the side of his son, and on the dexter side of Erie, was well known to nearly the whole of the high and haughty aristocracy present, and heads were nodded, and hands waved at him from all sides and continuously.

But the young, graceful stranger with him, who was he?

Eye-glasses were directed at him from carriages dowager-laden, and from barouches filled with beauty. If he had been a prince of the Royal blood he could not have excited more notice, or had he been Apollo on an equestrian trip, greater admiration.

What appeared strange, especially to the young, languishing blondes and brunettes, he seemed unconscious of the regard he compelled.

Yet he peered with a sharp, quick, penetrating glance at every young face adorning the interior of an equipage, or looking roseate and blooming as it cantered past him upon a well-trained steed.

Presently a splendid open carriage, drawn by two tall, bright bays, dashed past them.

Erie's horse reared upon his hind legs with a sudden, wild spring, and a cry burst from the lips of some one within that carriage.

But the vehicle was gone in an instant, and Erie had reduced his steed to perfect control.

LADY KINGSWOOD AND PEARDEN.

[illegible]

"Of course," responded Carlton, with a laugh. "Oho!" he added, "we shall have them, now. See, there is Lady Kingswood's carriage drawn up to the palisade. The Marquis of Chillingham is talking with her, and Lord Kingswood and his son have pulled up. There! our venerated papa has joined them. Ahem! Gower."

[illegible]

[illegible] suspended breath, kept his eyelids likewise fixed as if he had seen some wondrous vision, whose departure had darkened the earth.

Lady Maud, equally startled and surprised, laid her small fingers upon the arm of Cyril Kingswood, and in a low, quivering tone, which vibrated with a passionate thrill upon his throbbing heart, whispered—

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD-CHASE!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Among the promenaders in the park on this afternoon was Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee.

His quick eyes had, as he sauntered along, caught sight of Eric as he rode in company with Sir Harris Stanhope and his daughter Beatrice.

A glance told Pharisee that Eric and Sir Harris were on good terms with each other, that is to say, that Sir Harris was satisfied with the condition in life of his young companion.

Pharisee knew Sir Harris Stanhope as a friend of Lord Kingswood, but he also knew him for what he was by nature. Pharisee had dived beneath his surface and ferreted among the turbid waters there existing. He satisfied himself that Sir Harris had his price, and if it were paid he would hesitate at nothing. A rogue will find a rogue out. He was not, therefore, sorry to find Eric in his company, and, as it appeared, on terms of intimacy. It must be acknowledged that Pharisee was puzzled at what he witnessed, but his perplexity only stimulated him to proceed with certain designs he had formed, to the success of which he intended that Eric should prove the keystone.

Nimble of foot, he kept Eric and his companions in sight, and, as he did this, he perceived Lady Kingswood drive past in her carriage.

He quickly detected that she had seen Eric, and he turned his head over his shoulder as the carriage sped on, anticipating what actually happened. He saw her give directions to her coachman to turn, and observed that the man, in obedience to instructions he had received, checked his horses to a slow pace.

To follow and watch the mysterious youth of Kingswood he knew; and proceeded on in the same direction they had taken, gliding on in and out of the crowd, keeping the person he was watching always in sight, and himself out of their observation at least.

He saw Lady Kingswood again pass Eric, and again stare at him with excited scrutiny, and he smiled.

He turned up his lip with a bitter snarl.

"Eve fell—oh, you proud beauty!—by her curiosity," he muttered.

He pressed on, keeping his vulture-like eyes upon the stretch, but was for a moment perplexed by seeing the carriage of Lady Kingswood halt, and the Marquis of Chillingham rein in his steed to the carriage-door and lean over to talk to her ladyship. At the same instant he perceived Lord Kingswood and his son appear hastily, turn about, and obey a summons to join Lady Kingswood.

During the occurrence of these events he missed the form of Eric, and he strained his vexed eyes to find him. Unconscious which direction to take, he stood still, hoping for some good piece of fortune to point out to him the path Eric had so abruptly pursued.

Then he heard the tramp of many feet, and he saw a sudden clustering of equestrians.—In a moment he was struggling with a mob of gentlemen and ladies, who were all eagerly hurrying after some object which they strained their eyes and stretched their necks to obtain a sight of.

He heard exclamations of wonder and delight—

"What a charming creature!" cried one; "What a lovely girl!" ejaculated another; "A perfect angel!" cried a third; "A foreign princess!" remarked another. "Who is she? who is she? who is she?" went from mouth to mouth.

Pharisee, by a desperate effort liberated himself from the throng, and obtained a sight of the creature who created so much amazement and speculation. Large cold drops of perspiration suddenly oozed from his forehead.

"The living resemblance of the same [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] inquired Pharisee, in a clear tone, though he was out of breath.

The man grinned in his face, perused every feature, slowly passed his eyes down his figure to his boots, and then as slowly drew them up again to his hat.

"Do I know who lives in that house?" he repeated. "Suppose I do," he added, after a moment's pause, "there is nothing unlawful in that?"

"Unlawful," echoed Pharisee, with a derisive laugh; "of course not. I merely ask you a simple question; you can surely answer me, yes or no."

The man nodded his head.

"And the people who have just gone in?" continued Pharisee.

"I should think I did, too," returned the man.

Pharisee looked at him. He was a long, thin, old man, rather rigid, and indeed austere in his appearance. Still there was a peculiarly cunning leer in his eye, and an expression of chary shrewdness about his mouth. Pharisee could perceive that he was not a common individual, but he made the mistake to suppose him a self-sufficient person, really just cunning enough to be made an easy prey by one as keen as himself.

"Pray," said Pharisee, in a quiet, insinuating tone, "what may you know about the gentlefolks residing here?"

The tall, thin man put his finger to his nose.

"You are anxious to know too much," he responded, significantly.

"No," returned Pharisee. "I know something."

"You do—what?" inquired the old man, with a furtive glance at him.

"The reply depends upon you," answered Pharisee. "I will tell you what I know if you will tell me what you know."

The old man eyed him curiously.

"Give me a sign that you know something," he said.

"I know the youth," returned Pharisee.

"Prove it," ejaculated his companion.

"Gower! Lord Kingswood!" muttered Pharisee.

"Very good," replied the old man, raising his finger to suggest caution.

He looked about him, and then he said, in a whisper—

"Can you tell me why that youth left Kingswood Hall?"

"I can," responded Pharisee.

"Murder?" hissed his companion.

Pharisee started, and looked into the old man's glittering eyes.

"No, not exactly that, but akin to it," he returned, in an undertone.

"But the person he stabbed?" urged the old man.

"Lives," rejoined Pharisee, "lives to seek requital."

"Oho! ah! I see—we must compare notes, though this is not the place," rejoined the old man. "We must meet where we can confer in secret."

Musing for a moment, he took out a packet, writing an address in pencil, he said, as he handed it to Pharisee,

"Do you know that place?"

"I do," rejoined the valet. "It is not an attractive locality—I don't know you—and—"

"Don't come," returned the old man, promptly. "I have a secret Lord Kingswood would be glad to purchase. I will go to him first hand."

"I am his valet," said Pharisee, unguardedly.

"A-h!" ejaculated the old man, with a prolonged accentuation of the word, "the greater reason why you should meet me where I have named. It does not matter.—Lord Kingswood is in some fright respecting this youth. I can set his mind at ease at once about it. I hold proofs that will convince him that he has nothing to fear. Without them he is very likely to be rendered exceedingly unhappy. With them he can snap his fingers at all threats and menaces. He is easy of access, and, I hear, liberal. I will wait on him now I have run my fox to the earth."

"No!" ejaculated Pharisee, hurriedly.—"He will not see you; if even you did contrive an interview, he would not listen to you for an instant."

"Oh, but I have such strange facts to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] not answer. He could only conjecture that, as secrets do constantly leak out from unexpected sources, this stranger whom he had met had accidentally become master of Lord Kingswood's, and evidently intended to turn it to his advantage.

Pharisee assured himself that the man he had so strangely met knew more of the details involving the birth and history of Eric than he did; and, as he could not possibly have such a motive as himself to reap the benefit of being master of the secret, he quietly determined to obtain all the information he could.

One thing struck Pharisee with uneasiness. The stranger he had just parted from had intimated that the hidden source of Lord Kingswood's carking anxiety was without foundation. What could it mean? Not that Eric was no son of Lord Kingswood? The remarkable resemblance they bore to each other, and Eric's likeness to the old Kingswood ancestral portraits settled that question. Pharisee began to have a glimmering of the man's meaning. Perhaps there was some question of marriage afloat which it was to Lord Kingswood's interest to keep concealed. A thousand thoughts instantly thronged through his brain. He felt cold and hot by turns.

"Aha!" he ejaculated, "to know that would be to wield a power indeed. Phough! I will use it. Aha! aha! A woman loves revenge. She so readily believes wrong of another, especially if there be a dark spot in her own presumed unstained tablet. Aha! the credulous sex. One man is bad, ergo, all men are alike. The beauty—she is limed. The letter of the subtle Lord Marquis of Chillingham proves that. How is it blurred with her tears! Tears; for whom?—herself, of course; no one else! no one else! no one else! Tears of pride, rage, mortified vanity—not because she is no longer loved, but because another of her sex has the power to curl her lip at her! Because another can triumph! Oh, in her flirtations she thought not of my Lord Kingswood. What was his agony or shame to her, so that her vanity was gratified? She will, herself, taste the cordial she has so often prepared for him; and, my soul for it! it will prove an unpalatable *lachrymæ Christi* for her!"

He folded his arms tightly, and grinned diabolically like another Mephistopheles; if anything, a degree more wicked than that fallen angel.

"I must worm my way into the confidence of my Lord Marquis of Chillingham," he muttered. "I must know what are his designs, and how he means to work them out. Education is a fine thing. Skill with the pen is a grand power. Lady Kingswood has got my copy of my lord Marquis's note safely under lock and key. His lordship's hand is not difficult to imitate, nor is that of her ladyship's. A correspondence has commenced—it shall go on; if she draws back, I will not. My lord Marquis shall have a reply to every communication, but I must be master of all—including the originals. Oho! The notes shall pass, but when the crisis comes, the smiles and the affection of that proud, haughty aristocrat shall be lavished on—me! Me, my lord Marquis. If she refuses—if she proves madly obdurate—I'll crush her without mercy or remorse."

The sudden stopping of the vehicle in which he was riding brought his meditations and soliloquies to an end.

He had reached the spot where he had ordered the cab-driver to set him down, and he alighted and discharged him.

He entered the mansion of Lord Kingswood, and glided to his own chamber with the stealthy step of one who meditates the commission of a theft or some other rascality.

His quick eye caught sight of a folded paper upon his table. He hurried up to it, and snatching it, opened it.

The contents were—

"*Lady Kingswood wishes Pharisee to wait upon her for a few minutes previously to his attending Lord Kingswood to dress for dinner.*"

A gleam of triumph played over his features as he perused this note.

"The tide flows fast, the tide flows fair," he murmured.

He looked at his watch.

"It is very near to his lordship's time," he added. "I must be quick if I would reap a small harvest from this new incident."

[illegible]

[illegible] but Lady Kingswood's perturbed mind was in no state to discriminate between the false and the true; and without waiting to think, she accepted it, proceeding at once to that which was uppermost in her mind.

"Pharisee," she exclaimed, in an excited manner, "I have to-day encountered Lord Kingswood's mysterious *protégé*, who, after so desperately wounding Mr. Philip Avon, fled from Kingswood Hall."

"Indeed, my lady. Where did your ladyship meet with the young gentleman?" observed Pharisee, craftily.

"Riding in Hyde-Park, in company with old friends of Lord Kingswood; and afterwards in company with an elderly gentleman, and a young lady whose peculiarity of attire has created some sensation. I was again forcibly struck with Mr. Gower's remarkable resemblance to the Kingswoods, to the present lord as to his ancestors; and I am the more convinced that the youth is in some way very nearly related to Lord Kingswood. This is a piece of information of the very greatest moment to my happiness, and I waste with a slow-consuming fire until I shall have become mistress of it. I see no other way to accomplish this than by your seeking out the residence of Mr. Gower, and by means which you can best devise, ascertain his true origin. There is a wild and dreadful mystery in this affair which I must fathom. I shall go mad if I do not."

"Calm yourself, I implore you, my dear lady," said Pharisee, in an insinuating tone. "I hope, I believe, that you are unnecessarily afflicting yourself by speculations—"

Lady Kingswood knitted her brows, and haughtily interrupted him.

"Leave that to me. Do you obey my commands?" she said, imperiously. "You may be able to track Mr. Gower out by finding where the strangely-attired creature who accompanied him on horseback—"

"Pardon me, my lady," interrupted Pharisee, in his turn, "I have already done this."

"You! How?" she demanded.

Pharisee closed his hands together, and pressed them against his breast.

"I knew Lord Kingswood would be very anxious to learn what had become of Mr. Gower," he observed, in an obsequious voice, "and I happened to be passing through the park, and suddenly caught sight of him. I determined to follow him, so that his lordship—"

"*His* lordship!" cried Lady Kingswood, impetuously, between her teeth. "Have you forgotten our interview at Kingswood, Pharisee?"

He bent low, and in a fawning tone, replied,

"Indeed, no, my lady. It is deeply, most deeply, impressed on the memory of one of your ladyship's most devoted servants. But, his lordship has appealed to my long past services; he has persuaded, entreated, menaced me respecting Mr. Gower. All the information I can possibly obtain concerning him I am ordered to reveal to him alone, even on the hazard of death."

Lady Kingswood laughed contemptuously.

"Do you fear such violence as that, man?" she exclaimed, scornfully.

Pharisee fixed his large, dark eyes full upon her.

"My lord is of the race of Kingswood," he said, "and in his wrath—"

Lady Kingswood waved her hand impatiently.

"Take no heed of such incoherent threats," she exclaimed. "I will protect you against his rage. Tell me what result attended your pursuit of Mr. Gower."

"Lady Kingswood, your very look is law to me," responded Pharisee, in a cringing, sycophantish tone. "I am wishful to be faithful and truthful to his lordship, but—but—oh, pray, Lady Kingswood, be not offended at my simple, earnest words, but where you are concerned my devotion to his lordship pales, and I would readily die to serve your ladyship. I would undergo any rack, any torment, any diabolical suffering a devilish ingenuity could inflict on me rather than deny you a service you might command me to perform, or reveal whatever your ladyship might think fit to entrust to my keeping."

He ceased, and furtively watched Lady Kingswood's countenance.

She mused. There was something offensive—something which touched her pride in this man's words. This she felt instinctively, [illegible]

[illegible]

"I must attend his lordship," he exclaimed. Then a faint cry burst from his lips.

In the doorway stood Lady Maud, pale even as Lady Kingswood, but she was regarding both with an air of amazement.

Pharisee slunk out with a shuffling step.

She recoiled from him as he passed her, and then, with an exclamation of distress, ran up and caught Lady Kingswood in her arms.

She was in a convulsive fit of hysterical emotion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. The FIRST YEAR's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE.

One of these days we hope to have the question of fact definitely settled, whether the French are or are not a temperate people in their habits. A recent English journal says:

DRUNKENNESS IN FRANCE.—While we are introducing French wines to the notice of the poorer classes, in the hope that drunkenness may be diminished by their substitution for worse liquors, the mayors and statisticians of France are crying out—"Shut up the wine shops;" because, according to M. Jules Simon, who has investigated the subject, "*drunkenness is the beginning and the end of French industrial life.*" Considering the character for temperance which the working classes in France have hitherto borne with us, this is somewhat surprising. It appears to be considered, however, by M. Simon and others, that the wine-shops are not to be blamed, at least primarily; but the squalid, uncomfortable homes of the people in the manufacturing districts, where, chiefly, the drunkenness prevails. And nothing can be more likely in such a case, than this—that as here—ill-ventilated, close, and unwholesome dwellings, will lead those resident in them to an unnatural craving for stimulants. By reaction, too, of course, drunken habits must render dwellings still more squalid and unwholesome.

Notwithstanding the above, we still consider the weight of evidence decidedly in favor of the belief that the poorer classes of France [illegible]

...the generality consumes it. Sole leather, and thick-soled boots are usually worn, because there is nothing like the same proportion of drunkards among them as among the Irish, Scotch, and American. Of late this, Scotch, Irish, and American. Of late years, however, if we are not mistaken, considerable quantities of cheap kinds have been imported from France, and of course largely introduced into Ireland. Wherever there had a revolution there is drunkenness; fêtes are usually drunk, because drunkenness is the most expensive, pompous, and distinguished vice, next to gluttony.

HORSES AND MEN.

Mr. Barnum is now in New York, giving the benefit of his peculiar power in the science of humbug fine. In one of his exhibitions he brought upon the stage his two thousand pound ox, which is a creature only fifty inches high, and believed to be the smallest horse in the world. Mr. Barnum asserts that these pigmy ponies are descended from Arabian horses which were taken to Scotland more than two centuries ago, and that their diminutiveness is due to a long course of starvation, pursued for many generations. The ponies, formed on the Arabian desert of to-day be dozen fifty 200 years behind the best English thoroughbreds in point of shape, endurance, and speed.

This view relative to the Shetland ponies is the same to that recently taken by certain leading authors relative to mankind. It is now insisted upon by very high authorities that children must not only be fed upon as nourishing food, and in as great variety, as men, but that the quantity of their food must not be restricted, except at supper. Also that they must be fully protected from the cold, by warm and sufficient clothing; for the faculty of endurance, the result of any hardening process, is generally attained only at the expense of growth and beauty.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A DULL SEASON—A STATE OF RETICENCE—SUPPLY AND DEMAND—APHORISM OF TRAPOTS—A RESOUNDING MANDARIN—THE NEW TABLES—THE COST OF WAR—A WORD ABOUT FLOWERS—THE CAENS AND THE MIDDY.

PARIS, Dec. 21, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The mud of this much-lauded capital, which has been "over the shoes" of its inhabitants for a month past—despite the labors of an army of *cantonniers*, who are engaged all day long in shovelling into carts what the Paris *gamins* have nicknamed "Macadam's Milk"—is being covered, as I write, with a coating of snow, that seems undecided whether to thaw or to freeze, and which, whether it do the one or the other, augurs ill for the universal shopping which must take place between this and the coming New Year. The display of the season is, however, more backward than usual; the appearance of oranges and toys in those of the green-grocers, and of precursors as yet visible of the grand display that should be at its height about a week hence. Everything is stagnant; the commerce of the country will be materially affected by the action of the new treaty between France and England, many of whose provisions come into effect with the New Year; and the French manufacturers, and even the shopkeepers, being in doubt as to the effect of the competition to which they are about to be subjected, are doing their best to clear off old stocks, waiting for some experience of the new order of things before they venture to make or to purchase.

Already, as one goes through the streets, one can see signs over the shops indicating the English goods shortly to be sold therein; and English tea-services, of Britannia metal—unknown in France—assail the eye at every turn. Two or three of the best English makers have apparently devoted their energies to the manufacture of teapots and their accessories in this metal, of the most elegant patterns, expressly for the behoof of the tea-eschewing Parisians, on the principle that the supply creates the demand, adopted by the enterprising Scotch Missionary in the Sandwich Islands, who, seeing that the Otaheitan ladies were no bonnets, but only a few flowers in their hair—constituting, at that time, nearly the whole of their toilet—imported into the island he had selected as the scene of his labors, several thousand of the ugliest, old-fashioned bonnets that could be rummaged out from the old stocks of the millinery establishments of his native land. No sooner was the precious cargo received, than the Missionary began to preach against the wicked custom of women going to church with their heads uncovered; quoting St. Paul, and making his famous saying the text of innumerable sermons, by which he managed to frighten the poor Otaheitans so thoroughly, that, the moment the cases of bonnets were opened, they rushed in crowds to the bonnet depot, and bought up the frightful "pokes" at fabulous prices. Imagine the effect of the odious old specimens of northern head-gear stuck on the heads of those graceful, swarthy, unclothed southern *statues*, as they flocked in triumph to church on the following Sunday! To their honor it is recorded that their unsophisticated, intuitive good taste pronounced the new appendages "frightful," a verdict in which their gentleman friends fully agreed. Unfortunately, the charm of novelty, the fascination of fashion, backed by the mysterious sense of religious duty excited by the preachings of the Missionary, were too strong for the instinctive dislike called up by the intrinsic ugliness of the frightful old Dunstables, and Lophorne, the fruit stike, flowry lotus, and Lophorne, the fruit stike, flowry lotus, and exquisite flowers of the new headgear. All the women of the islands adopted the fashion, and spouted homily before learning to wear gowns. But even fashion and superstition have their day—for falling, happily, as well as for reigning. The fair islanders gradually adopted the use of a light drapery, suitable to their delicious climate, whose dress is needed merely as an ornamental accessory. But at the moment of the civilized innovation, the Missionary had only large thick gowns and heavy bonnets to give them as the most approved articles of dress, and consequently, at church, a sight of many hundreds of the natives, dressed in the extremity of black, met the eye of the Apostolic minister.

But to return to the tea-pots which have so recently baffled my pencil—and the union of whose three elements with the silver-like German silver (so long as they remain in the shop-window, undergoing a bath for the display-time, or after the evening daily cleaning) will delight the Parisians that they will condescend to do much to spread among the coffee-houses on this side of the channel. For tea or three years past tea has been served at parties and pleasant tea-fights in Paris, but only because it was considered "recherché" to imitate the manners and customs of the English in the matter. The habit, however, has grown in favor, notwithstanding the angry declamation of a *fanfaronade* who lately declared that the English alliance had only been productive of mischief to France, in its cafés efforts to break the dogging of the latter country into war with its national ally, Russia, and with China, a country with which France had nothing whatever to do, and to introduce into French life the odious element of the national beverage, coffee, safe decoction worthy of the gods and of French men. The artistically tempting services in question being found to take admirably the electro-gilding now so much in fashion, are extensively bought for this purpose; and if they should ever be discarded in the shop windows are sold, tea-drinking will soon be naturalized in this country.

Apropos of the Chinese infusion in the pictures in "Punch," which so much diverted the Russians, who had bought a copy as she got into the railway-carriage which conveyed her from London to Dover, the said pictures representing her Imperial Majesty as just taking a cup of tea from the Queen, who remarks, "How friendly! Why doesn't your husband sometimes drop in, in this quiet way?" The Empress seemed extremely delighted with the print, and showed it with great glee to the persons of her suite. An allusion to the people with whom the French and English are so energetically demanding leave to make, which reminds me of a paragraph I have just met with in an English journal from Hong Kong, printed on a queer, cream-colored, native paper that creaks under very looking native paper that creaks under very and which tells how the allies, finding it difficult to obtain carts, at Tien-tsin, for the conveyance of stores to the rear, applied to the prefect of the city, for help in their difficulties, when that functionary declared that he knew nothing about any, and that, it was quite impossible for any such vehicles to exist in the city. It was therefore determined to bring a little pressure to bear on his executioner, who was politely shut up in a building occupied by the "foreign devils," and informed that he would be kept there until the needed carts were forthcoming. Greatly enraged at his confinement, the prefect sent a request for a bottle of samshu and a knife. Gen. Napier sent him the first of those articles in the shape of a bottle of sherry, but declined to send him the knife. After a week's confinement, his excellency ordered the carts to be supplied, and he was consequently released. He was loud in his thanks for the refusal of the knife, declaring that "the English perfectly understood how to treat a gentleman," and that he stood Tsoli (whatever that may be), and that their sherry and conduct were both excellent."

Nearly every article in common use in France is bad and dear. It is only in articles of elegance and luxury that French industry shines supreme. The great run of French crockery falls as far below the average of English production in this line as the Sevres porcelain rises above it; their hardware is beneath contempt; their cheap furniture comes to pieces before the varnish upon it is well dry; and though their high-priced, fancy clothes are the *ne plus ultra* of that style of fabric, their common cloths are bad and dear. As for the infinity of cosy, comfortable non-descript articles of clothing in wool, so abundant and so cheap in England, nothing of the kind exists in this country.

The excessive dearness and badness of French carpets, have naturally restricted their use to the houses of the very richest. But all French people who visit England or America, are enthusiastic on the subject of carpets; and as woollen goods will soon be admitted here at a very low tariff, a few years will no doubt see French floors as well covered as those of their neighbors; to the great relief of the inmates of "flats," whose ears will no longer be tortured by the perpetual tramp of feet, and scraping of chairs, on the bare floors of the stories above and below them. It may also be hoped that the stout, substantial, and low-priced woollen tissues which keep the mass of the inhabitants of Great Britain comfortable through the damp and rawness of the winter months, may speedily supersede the flimsy cotton gowns and *tissues* in which the poorer classes of the French shiver through the short but drier winter. The abolition of the passport system, by which the Emperor has so gracefully acknowledged the cordiality of the reception given to the Empress throughout her tour, will quadruple the number of English visitors; and the influx of the English into France, will gradually tend to increase the number of French visitors to England. And as people seldom mix much with their neighbors without adopting more or less of those neighbors' customs, it may be predicted with tolerable certainty, that the habits of the people of this country will be considerably modified by their increased intercourse with Englanders. Already one striking change is visible, viz:—the general desire to possess a home instead of a "*flat*." In all the new quarters, small family houses are springing up by the hundred; and it would seem that nowadays but the enormous rise in the price of land, keeps the commodity from descending to English fashion. With such facility in the way of its erection, it is probable that they will begin to develope the "love of home" in which they are now so deficient, and the consequent disuse of their sombre entresols, and transformation of the vast quantity of French people even to their firesides.

It is surely not without significance that Great Britain and France, after centuries of mutual hatred, should be drawing towards each other, and do much to promote each other's interests. Russia, "in alliance" with Europe, is "in alliance" with Europe. And when we consider the immense interests involved in the treaty of Commerce completed in the interval of the writing of the above lines, we shall be ready to expect great results to ensue, even upon the material prosperity and wealth of the country for the benefit of which the treaty was signed. The increase in the annual consumption of wine alone, which will be the result of the reduction of the duties, will be enormous. The present consumption of Great Britain is about 7,000,000 gallons per annum; the consumption of France is about 70,000,000 gallons per annum; or about ten gallons per head. The duties upon wine in Great Britain, that is, 87 francs per hectolitre, or about 1s. 6d. per gallon, will be reduced to 5 francs per hectolitre, or about 1d. per gallon. Under the operation of such a reduction, and to enable the people of Great Britain to consume even the present quantity of wine, we suppose it to be necessary that the consumption of the present population should be increased to 720 bottles per head, or 2,160,000,000 bottles per annum. To build a warehouse sufficient to contain this quantity, would require a building 2,000 feet square, and fifteen feet high, or, if built of the usual height of warehouses, a building 2,000 feet square, and 45 feet high.

Add to this enormous increase in the consumption of Great Britain, the same upon the part of France, and nor by the other powers of Europe; the lessening of human life, the mass of human suffering and sorrow, caused by war; and consider what a sum of evil done by war, in place of the sum of good that might have been accomplished by the same amount of money, either for its termination, and energy, worse than wasted, for it was, if devoted to the far nobler and happier works of Peace!

Truly the education of the human race has been a very slow and complicated process! But no result, and so important as the events now taking place in Europe, so heavy a blow is being dealt at old tyrannies and superstitions, that one is fain to hope that "the better day" so long and vainly looked for, may perhaps be approaching at last!

The flower-shops of Paris have never been more temptingly seductive than they are just now. I found in the window of one of these attractive establishments, a few days ago, a beautiful cage, nacre, mignonette, white Chinese lilac—most delicate of its kind!—camellias, azaleas, heathers, and a quantity of other lovely blossoms, principally exotics. These are raised under glass in the great flower-farms near Paris, which supply the shops of the capital, whence bouquets are forwarded "per order" to every point of Northern Europe. At a great entertainment given by the French Ambassador, last winter, in St. Petersburg, each lady-guest, on entering the ball-room, was presented with a charming bouquet from Paris. Skillfully packed, and rapidly conveyed, these flowers were as fresh as when gathered.

But skillful as are the French floriculturists, those of Holland excel them, especially in the cultivation of the bulbous kinds; some of the great flower-centres, such as the districts of Haarlem and Nordwyk, where this branch of industry has been flourishing for centuries, doing an enormous business, not only in crocuses, tulips, hyacinths, anemones, &c., but also in roses and violets. The capital employed in this trade in Holland amounts to about a million and a quarter of dollars. Some growers sell far. over 30,000 florins of bulbs in a year. They are sold by public auction, either in the ground or otherwise; the price for hyacinths varying from five Dutch cents to 200 florins each, and that of tulips from half-a-cent to five florins. The Provence rose, and those of deeper color, are also cultivated to a considerable extent. Valuable medicinal plants are also grown in the province of Nordwyk, the annual sale of which amounts to about 100,000 florins.

Not only flowers, but more substantial tokens of welcome, figure among the preparations made at Natal for the welcome of the royal middy who has been visiting that colony. At the young Prince's reception, it was a gentleman from Aberdeen, Mr. Mc-Nechie, who had the honor of reading the address; and this gentleman's wife, as confectionery is not abundant in the towns of Natal, had prepared, with her own fair and hospitable hands, a quantity of cakes for Prince Alfred's refreshment. On being informed that these cakes had been made for him by an Aberdeen lady, his sunny face brightened up even more brightly than usual, and remarking that "he knew Aberdeen very well," he begged permission "for the sake of Aberdeen and the lady," to be allowed to put the rest of the cakes in his pocket!

QUANTUM.

☞ EPITAPH.—On a tombstone in one of the cemeteries at Florence, Italy, said to have been translated by the sculptor, Gremough:

"Here lies a Cardinal who wrought
Both good and evil in his time;
The good he did was good for nought:
Not so the evil—*that was prime*."

☞ There is a miscalled pride, so near akin to selfishness I cannot choose between. If the man I love refuse my aid, I needs must expect no aid from him.

☞ The rental of Ireland has, within the last twenty years, risen from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000, and the revenue has risen nearly £3,000,000 beyond what it was a century ago. Within thirty years the tonnage of Ireland has doubled; and within thirty-three years the foreign imports have risen from £1,000,000 to £6,000,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Passing Paragraph or Two upon Matters of Interest.

☞ The Prince of Wales will be confirmed in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 27th inst.

☞ The Star of the West Steamship Company have declared a dividend of 10 per cent. for the year 1860.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia, has declined the Presidency of Girard College.

☞ Mr. Thackeray has left Rome for Naples, and will return to England in the spring.

☞ Mr. Dickens has made a formal order for the publication of the volume, "Dickens' Readings," in Boston.

☞ The Legislature of Connecticut has refused to let the question of a convention to revise the Constitution be submitted to the people.

☞ The Legislature of Ohio has passed a law requiring the Auditor of State to publish annually a list of the names of persons to whom licenses to sell liquor have been granted.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot has published a letter stating that many of the patriotic Marylanders have left the State, and that in Baltimore alone, over 1,000 families have removed to the North, and large sales in that city are daily effected at auction, of the furniture of families about to remove.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, has engaged Tremont Temple, Boston, for a course of lectures on the Sabbath. Each man has one subject to treat during the winter, and the report is that they have all taken up the subject of the Governor, receiving $5 per day. The writer of the article can tell us how Parker, wants to know what is meant.

☞ Mr. Charles, the largest and most fashionable tailor in New Orleans, and who during every winter averages from five to eight hundred Northern boarders, has at this time but thirteen guests hailing north of Mason and Dixon's line.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Major Barret and the Secretary of War have had a consultation together to adopt measures to prevent the raising of armed military companies here which are unauthorized by the government.

☞ THE CABINET AS RECONSTRUCTED.—ITS DETERMINATION.—WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—General Dix, of New York, was tendered the position of Secretary of War, but preferring that of the Treasury, the President, to-day, sent his nomination to the Senate for this office, Mr. Thomas having resigned.

The rule requiring a reference of nominations to the appropriate Committee, is always construed suspended when the nominee is a Senator, as is General Dix, on the ground that his character and qualifications are sufficiently known without a special investigation,—and the rule on this occasion was unanimously suspended, and the appointment of Gen. Dix immediately confirmed.

The members now in the Cabinet are a unit on the present political questions, all those claiming the right of secession having resigned.

The Cabinet, as reconstructed, is as follows:—

Secretary of State—Mr. Black, of Pa.
Secretary of the Treasury—Mr. Dix, of N. York.
Secretary of the Navy—Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut.
Secretary of War—Mr. Holt, of Kentucky, (acting.)
Secretary of the Interior—Vacant.
Postmaster General—Mr. Holt, of Ky.
Attorney General—Mr. Stanton, District of Columbia.

It is stated, to-night, on the highest authority, that there is not a million more of Gov. Floyd's acceptances as Secretary of War. The amount previously ascertained is eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

☞ THE PHOTOGRAPHER UNDER FIRE.—A Naples correspondent saw an Englishman quietly engaged recently in photographing a part of the scene of action between the Neapolitans and Garibaldians, the artist being himself at the moment under a heavy fire; on inquiry it was found that Major Stuart Worley was the amateur photographer.

☞ A LAWYER'S ELOQUENCE.—A young lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of trespass with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died in vain."

☞ THE KING OF THE PUMPKINS.—What the market people call the "Promenade of the King of Pumpkins," that is, the parading of the largest pumpkin of the season, took place in Paris recently. "The king" this year weighs 813½lbs., and measures 16 feet 9 inches in circumference at the widest part. It was put up to auction, and knocked down for 126f.

☞ Southey has pitched up the following from an old Scotch writer:—"God loves adverbs better than nouns; for in actions, rightly and lawfully are more pleasing to Him than the right and lawful. So that we must not do good unless we can do it rightfully and lawfully." A sound and comprehensive principle, and how often and sometimes how sadly violated.

LATEST NEWS.

THE RECEPTION OF COMMODORE PAULDING.—THE MAN OF WAR ARRIVES.—HIS RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE.—THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS.—COMMODORE PAULDING'S REPLY.—&c., &c.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The last news in Charleston, on the 18th, was that the steamer Brooklyn, with provisions for Major Anderson, was prevented by the guns of Cape Romain.

The city was quiet last night. The excitement had subsided on the receipt of the news that the Governor of South Carolina had refused the request of the Administration, sent in by Messrs. Hayne and Lieutenant Hall, with regard to Fort Sumter.

Eight vessels have come away from Fort Sumter since last night, and it is said that Major Anderson will be in a hurry to get to New York in his own steamer, as the Star of the West has been taken from him.

The Commissioners, Messrs. Hayne and Hall, returned to Charleston this morning, and at once reported to the Governor and Council of Safety. Hall, after this, went to Fort Sumter this morning, by consent of Commissary General Lee, to communicate the result of the mission to Major Anderson, but it is not known for certain what was said.

The object of the mission was to prevent any one except the authorities from leaving Charleston for Fort Sumter.

All kinds of rumors prevail as to the cause of sending a flag of truce by South Carolina last night.

Some say that disaffection exists among Major Anderson's men; others, that a surrender is contemplated, and that he will evacuate.

Evening.—The steamboat Reed came in this evening with the news that the United States sloop-of-war Brooklyn is off the bar. This is certain. She was seen this morning.

Mr. Hayne, on the part of South Carolina, and Lieut. Hall, from Fort Sumpter, have left for Washington, with proposals and instructions.

PENSACOLA, Jan. 13.—Fort Barrancas and the Navy Yard were yesterday in full possession of by the Alabama and Florida troops.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The steamer Star of the West got up steam this morning, and proceeding to Governor's Island, landed there the troops that took part in the late expedition for Fort Sumpter.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 18.—The troops from Fort Leavenworth arrived here last night. They consist of Company H., Second Artillery, Colonel Brooks commanding, 67 men; Company A, Light Artillery, Captain Barry, 98 men; Company J, Light Artillery, Lieut. James B. Fay, 84 men; total, 250 men and 121 horses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Senator Green, of Mo., has demanded an explanation of Secretary Holt in respect to the quartering of troops in public buildings at St. Louis, which has been refused. He has telegraphed to the Governor of Missouri, recommending decisive steps to oust the government troops.

Mr. Toombs left for Georgia this morning.

There was a caucus of Senators from seceding States last evening, but they came to no determination as to whether they should give up their seats in the Senate. It is understood that they will decide the matter to-morrow morning.

VIRGINIA.—The Convention is to be held the 18th of Feb. The question as to whether the action of the Convention is to be submitted to the people, is to be voted upon by the people at the time of voting for members of the Convention.

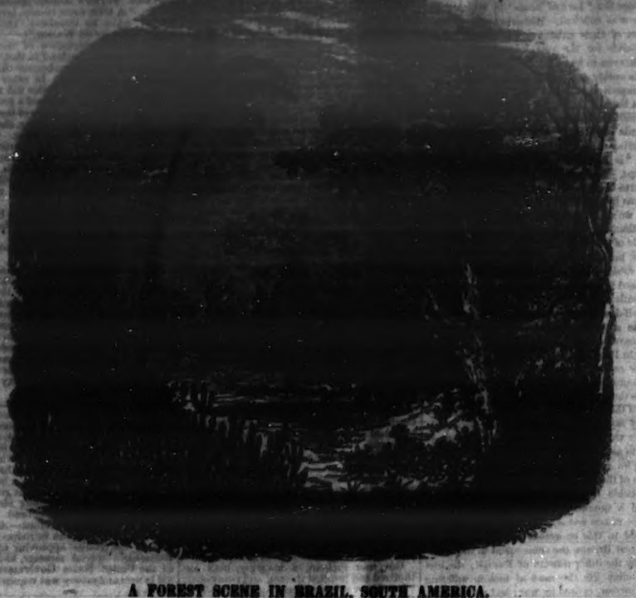
TENNESSEE.—The Convention is to be held Feb. 18th. If the Convention resolves to withdraw from the Union, then their action is to be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection.

WASHINGTON.—The report of the difficulty between Gen. Scott and Toombs is said to be greatly exaggerated.

☞ SYRUP LIQUORICE.—Lady of the House: "Mary, that youngster has been bawling this whole day, and I'm sure I don't know what he wants." Mary (given to punning): "Better try him with a little ball liquorice." Bachelor Uncle: "Humph; I think she'd better give him a good dose of stick liquorice!"

☞ The house man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.

☞ "Madam, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night, by the crying of your baby. "Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts."



A FOREST SCENE IN BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA.

The endless variety of vegetable life which our world exhibits, furnishes an inexhaustible fund of interest and instruction to the botanist, and supplies the natural theologian with fresh arguments as to the wisdom and goodness of the Divine Being who said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind." From the colorless and stunted vegetation of the poles and frozen countries of the North, where life seems almost extinguished by the rigorous cold of a perpetual winter, to the hot regions of the tropics, where Nature displays her fullest energy, her greatest diversity, and most dazzling splendor, the variety is so boundless, as to attract the notice of the least observant, and more than satisfy the curiosity of the most careful investigators.

It is usually supposed that in India and the Indian Archipelago the richest developments of vegetable life occur. There ferns attain the proportions of forest trees, and grasses rise, as the majestic bamboo, to the height of sixty feet; their vivacity of color and diversity of shade present the most brilliant effects, and offer the largest leaves and flowers known in the world.

But the real charms of a tropical climate are best displayed in those places where rains are frequent, and are alternated by warm, dry air, where dew is abundant, and where the earth is well watered by lakes and rivers. Brazil, less tropical than India, is, therefore, in this respect, a more privileged country.

In Brazil, an empire second only in extent to China and Russia, there is naturally a considerable variation of climate, and its vegetable products are consequently of a wide range. The soil, however, is very fruitful, and the forests are of vast extent and luxuriance. Although in some parts of Brazil frosts are not unknown, at others the climate admits the growth of European fruits, and a large portion of the country is tropical. Winter resembles summer in the north of Europe, summer appears one continuous spring, and spring and autumn are unconsciously lost in summer and winter.

"Stern Winter smiles on this auspicious clime;
The fields are florid in eternal prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the flecky snow;
But from the breezy deep, the groves inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the *eastern* gale."

But, as we have already noticed, the vast extent of Brazil renders its climate exceedingly diversified; and thus, while some of its virgin forests spread their green canopy of the rich sward month after month, year after year, in other districts the forest trees are stripped of their leaves in the dry season. Very considerable differences are observable in the Brazilian forests. In those to which the people have given the name of *caatinga*, the leaves are stripped from the trees for many months; in others, the leaves remain on the trees during the whole year, if the soil is sufficiently moist, or the rain falls in abundance. The foliage, however, is so rapid in its growth, that the forest which the traveller may have looked upon under the blazing beams of the summer sun, stripped of every leaf, and literally baking in the red-hot glow, may, in the course of a few hours—thanks to a change in the wind, and a copious shower—be clothed afresh with verdure, casting a welcome shadow on the path, and giving to the air a refreshing perfume.

The forests of Brazil produce almost every kind of wood employed in the useful and ornamental arts. The open country yields a large variety of articles of consumption. In the sandy soils along the coast the cocoa-trees are plentiful. The castor-tree, chiefly valuable for its oil, is an indigenous production. The forests extending along the Amazon yield vast quantities of caoutchouc, or Indian-rubber. Sugar, coffee, cotton, rice, tobacco, maize, bananas, ginger, yams, oranges, figs, are produced in abundance; and mandioc, a staple article of food, is cultivated almost everywhere in the empire.

In passing through the forests of Brazil, or in looking on its cultivated lands, one cannot fail to be struck by the luxuriance of the vegetation. The palm trees, lifting their lofty heads two hundred feet above the soil, first their fan-like leaves, look imperious as proud sultanas; beneath them strikes out a lofty, but humbler vegetation; innumerable shrubs and trees of somewhat smaller size fill up the intervening spaces; climbing plants, woody-stemmed twining lianes—infinitely varied—surround them all with their flexible branches, displaying their own flowers upon the foliage, and making up a picture of unrivalled magnificence. The rolling rivers, speeding on their way through these sylvan scenes, impart their wealth to those vast solitudes; the heavy dews which gather in the evening, and the refreshing showers which fall on the leafy wilderness, make it what it is—as here the most favorable conditions for the production of vegetation exert their influence—namely, warmth and moisture.

The forest which is represented in our engraving, is in the province of Bahia. It offers a great variety both of the cactus and the palm. A singular specimen of the latter—the *cocos coronata*—is seen to the left; it is chiefly remarkable for its lofty crest, which has the appearance of a brilliant plume. In the centre is a remarkable tree, known as the *cannaflicia tuberculata*. It is formed of a soft, light wood, very rapid in its growth, but attaining an age of many centuries. One of these trees is said to have reached the age of 5,130 years! To the right is the tree known as the *spondias falsa*, the aromatic resin of which is employed in medicine, on account of its stimulating properties. Throughout the forests the eye is perpetually gratified by an endless panorama of luxuriant vegetation—which, thanks to the broad rivers of Brazil, are unequalled in the world.

ADVICE GRATIS.

[The following article, from an English journal, contains a new idea, which some may think worthy consideration.]

We have lately been perusing an interesting pamphlet by a German physician, of considerable reputation, from which we learn that nine-tenths of the people of Europe suffer in consequence of their sedentary habits. All the complaints heard only too frequently about indigestion, rapid fatigue after any unwonted exertion and mental depression, emanate from this prolific source of disease. Thinking that the evil is not confined to Germany alone, we have resolved to offer, for the benefit of the human race, a few passages from the pamphlet in question, hoping that the names under the influence of the disease, and its most prejudicial results.

If we reflect on the quantity of time devoted to sitting during the day, we find that we occupy nearly one-third in that position, when with our daily avocations, the satisfaction of appetite, and the period devoted to relaxation, fresh air exercise, bath, &c., we shall scarcely have left us more than eight hours for sleep. Now, if we consider that the latter is the only period during which the body and mind are entirely relieved from the pressure of labor, and that the former

BERTIE.

Kingly grow my Bertie's mien,
Standing long deep in his helm;
Wanes fingers whitely cling
Round the brave gossip it's tiny,
As he steereth everything!
Oh! thro' morning, Bertie!

Red eyes brightingly look out,
Singing in his joyous shouts,
And the sweet voice mixed with glee
All the same opinions free,
Upon the logs, and work for me—
Ah! and of me Bertie!

Was there ever such winning grace?
Little flower-like sweet face!
Just a bunch of flowers thrown
All our feet, for us alone,
Priceless blessing, all our own!
Oh! thou child—our Bertie!

With a mischief for a mouth,
Chat coils waved air, like the south;
And two visions for eyes,
Or, "strong's gentians," wherein lies
All the glow of summer skies,
Gleaming soft, prince Bertie!

With a lily, carved so,
It doth from the throat's soft snow;
But an flower is half so fair,
As this golden-tinted hair,
Falling, mist-like, everywhere,
Fitting crown for Bertie!

Royalty he standeth now,
As though carved from foot to brow
By some cunning sculptor's hand!
Foolish words—at God's command,
Was the little monarch planned:
Brave boy-king, this Bertie!

Oh! the destiny that sleeps
Down within those eyes' far deeps!
Though we strive, we may not see
What his dawning life will be;
God, "our Father," 'tis with Thee
That we trust our Bertie!

Little arms that cling so tight,
Wreathing round us, soft and white,
Sure the angels cannot wear
Any look that is more rare,
Purer smile, or face more fair,
Than thine own, my Bertie!

L. E. W., in *Portland Transcript*.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on." —*Othello.*

Early the next day preparations were made to start for Cliff Castle, which was situated upon the coast about twenty miles from Shirley Court.

As usual in such cases, there was much discussion and difference of opinion as to the best mode of travelling; Julia urging that the Count should drive her mother in his phaeton, while the rest of the party rode.

"But your father—he cannot ride?" remonstrated Lady Shirley, who had her own reasons for not wishing Julia to do so.

"Well, then, have the barouche—anything you like; only, for pity's sake, don't ask me to go in it."

"Why? I am sure you are not fit for the fatigue of riding to-day; you are as white as ashes."

"And well I may be, after all this wearisome talk about nothing," she answered, abruptly, suddenly laying her hand strongly on her heart, as if to still its anguished beating, as, looking from the window, she saw George Conyers and Beatrice pacing up and down the terrace in earnest conversation. "Otherwise, I am well enough."

"I rejoice to hear it," said Orsini, with a tenderness which enraged the girl; "for indeed you look very ill. You are paler than those flowers."

"May I perish as soon!" she muttered, tearing off the leaves of the roses she held, and still gazing miserably from the window.

"What—what did you say, Julia?" asked her brother, going up to her.

"Nothing!" And she laid her hand on his.

It was dry, parched, and burning.

The contact of its fiery touch made him start.

"Oh, Julia!" he cried, affectionately; "what is the matter? You are ill—I am sure you are."

"No; only hot, tired, and weary. Say nothing, but order the horses, and let us go."

"Impossible!" said Lady Shirley, coming up. "I cannot allow you to ride in this state—it would make you ten times worse."

"Nonsense, mamma—I am well enough! Do, pray, let me alone."

"To kill yourself."

"Pshaw."

"If only you would permit me the happiness of driving you," pleaded Orsini, bending forward, "the horses' pace should be your own, and the fresh air would revive you."

The girl's eyes glittered like steel as she turned them upon him, and answered, shortly, "No; I intend to ride."

"But, my dear love, consider—"

"You are always telling me to do that, mamma, and I am tired of the occupation."

Orsini drew back.

"Have a care," whispered Lady Shirley.

"Of what?" And again her glance turned to the terrace.

"Of yourself. You are perilling realities for dreams. Lose the correct note within your grasp—the triumph—the—"

Again, with head bent low to catch her words, George gazed on the whiter cheek beneath.

The sun was down upon the ground, and all was waiting them.

When the saddle was done, every trace of the coming guests had removed, Sailing from the deck and Sir Julia turned to the Count, saying,

"I assure you Instruction: If you are willing to drive me, I shall be happy to go."

"I am at your service."

The latter were said, the necessary as he was, Orsini was still a man; and his pride, if not his heart, resented Julia's indifference, which would so forcibly remembered some day.

"That is well. All's settled, then. You and Julia take the phaeton; the Jeanne, I, and Adele, the barouche; and Beatrice can either ride with your brother and Mr. Conyers, or come with us."

"O, she goes with me!" said William.

"Very well; please yourselves."

And with a complacent smile the successful manœuvrer left the room to give the requisite orders.

Luncheon over, the horses and carriages came round; and Beatrice, mounted upon a beautiful little white Arab—her pet for many years, and which had accompanied her from the Abbey—rode gaily on, with heightened spirits, between R. Conyers and William, ignorant of the fatal storm of rage and jealousy which disturbed her cousin's heart, as she permitted Count Orsini to place her in his carriage, arrange her costly wraps, and then spring in by her side.

Alas! how little did any of that onward party guess the agony which racked the miserable girl behind—the raving, maddening torture which would be impelled her, and she possessed the power to sweep Beatrice, Orsini, the whole world into wreck and ruin, so she might but win the love for which she pined.

Little would it have reckoned of the anguish and deep loss which her victims would sink. Shrived with the fierce, terrible passion of evole, and to win as answering love will have given her soul to perdition. And thus reckless of her own, why should she care for those of others? Let them who stood between her and her happiness ask for time and eternity—she cared not Let who would die, or suffer, by sometimes—fair or foul, no matter which—e could win his love; for that she hadn't already done so she now know tell w And again and again she cursed in heart the pale-faced orphan who had pled her bliss, and swore to be revenged—ucceed, in spite of all obstacles: and tho' she might wait months or years, and w through gulfs of sin to get it, yet she wo have his love at last.

Meanwhile, hecconscious rival, happier than she had beenince she left the Abbey, rode on with hecompanions, until, on the rise of a long h the carriages overtook them, and Sir Jo called his son to his side.

William obeyche summons instantly, and his father she were soon engrossed in conversation, le George and Beatrice unconsciously slened their pace and fell into the rear, still king of the one subject which had occupheir thoughts during the morning.

At last, when carriages had been long out of sight, Bea, becoming suddenly conscious of it, exmed,

"How we are ring. Discussing poor Lucy and her pects, we seem to forget everything else. Let us ride on and join our friends. But, sh let's this? Surely Sam's shoe is loose. ld you be so kind as to look at it for m·

"Certainly."

And George sp from his horse, examined the Arab, found it as Beatrice had feared; and that , probably miles from a blacksmith's shoe shoe was so loosened as to render it liable to proceed any faster than at a wg pace.

"How unfortun cried Beatrice. "What can we do? Oh, dear little Sam, this is not a kind way of ing your mistress!"

"Sam!" repeateorge. "What a strange name for a lady's-"

"Yes, is it not? ginally it was Sancho, then it became Sad afterwards it dege nerated into Samot the most poetical name on earth, an I love it much."

For a while theyon in silence, between high, thick countr ges, until at last they reached a place wa road crossed that on which they travelading they knew not whither.

Here they waitell a laborer, coming across the fields, at at the spot, and from him they asked way.

"This be the to Horndike," said he.

"And how far is that? Can we get this lady's horse sh ere?"

"I dunno. It m o mile, or m' happen three," he replied.

"Is it the nearest?"

"It bean't a to the a village."

"Ah, well, it's ame. I suppose it's nearer than old Castle?"

"M' happen so; so justly say. I never was theere."

"Where is it, th

"Summut up t reckon."

"Oh, pray, as more questions Mr. Conyers, but let him to this place—it must be nearer the astle—and get poor Sam attended to, or he will fall lame."

"I fear so, too, has lost his shoe entirely now."

Having vainly obtain some more definite information the boorish countryman, the travelled ned down in the direction of Horndike.

It was a glorio over that splendid moorland upon which they had now come. The breeze fresh and, and clear as none but Yorkshire and umberland breezes are—the sun high right, nestling in the golden gorse—bees humming gaily in the crowded ether; and ar in the extreme distance, the stern cliffs of the rock-bound northern coast which lay the still more than that startled were the slightly brown rabbit and hatred, man, who, in his power, to overpower the one passion the noble which his Creator had confined it.

The noise and air were alike exhilarating; and Beatrice, yielding to their influence, shook off the gulness which had oppressed her, and became gay and lively, forgetting equally her cousin's penitentiaries, her aunt's indifference, and her own wretched misery. So that Mr. Conyers, already charmed by her ready sympathy and active benevolence in the case of Lucy, was now fascinated by her love, merry laugh, her quick fancy, and perfect freedom from affectation.

CHAPTER V.

"Hast thou seen that lovely mother—
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red, above it,
The clouds float gloriously.

The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of woe,
And tears came to mine eye."

—*From the German of Uhland.*

A fresh acquaintance could not have done more to make Beatrice and George happier than that morning's ride.

Frankly and freely the orphan talked to her companion of her early home, her past sorrows, and present hopes, dreading not the pleas of good to others on which her heart was set, imagining such happiness purchased for them by her wealth, as made her beautiful eyes gleam tenfold more radiantly than ever.

"But have you no ambition beyond that of being a Lady Bountiful at the Abbey?" asked George, at present. I pray Heaven it may have."

And the gay voice deepened, and the smile fled.

"Why?"

"Because, when I have, my heart will have perished."

"How—how do you mean? I do not understand you."

"I scarcely understand myself."

"Put off the study. Knowledge comes soon enough."

"No; I would have it now. I feel that I have an inner, darker self, of which, as yet, I know little. If I know more, ere it strengthen into power, I might conquer it."

"You are metaphysical."

"Am I? I did not know my dreams deserve so grand a name."

"Let them be dreams, and vanish in the glorious sunlight."

"Yes; but they will return, and warn me to attain deeper self-knowledge, confirming the instinct which tells me if I stray further than my present path, seek other objects of affection or interest than suffice me now, I shall be miserable."

"Heaven's grace forfend!"

"Amen! That must be a fearful state, when ambition fills the void which happiness has left!"

At this moment, ere George could reply, a man rose from the wayside by which he sat, and respectfully lifting his hat, advanced to Beatrice, saying, in an anxious voice,

"Pardon the liberty I take in stopping you; but I seek a lady who will pass along this road to-day, and from the description I fancy you are she."

"Indeed!" answered Beatrice, in surprise. "Yes, madam. Is your name Lyle?"

"It is."

"Thank Heaven! I have been waiting so long, that I feared you were gone the other way."

"Waiting for me? I do not comprehend."

"You will directly, if you will suffer me to speak a few words to you alone,"—he glanced suspiciously at Mr. Conyers. "You may trust me, for my name is—" He came a step nearer, and whispered, beneath his breath, "Milward."

"Lucy's husband!"

"Yes. Will you trust me now?"

"Implicitly. But what has happened?—what brings you here?"

"I will tell you directly, if—"

"Ah, never mind Mr. Conyers; he knows all your history; and whatever you would say to me, may be said to him with equal safety."

"I was not thinking of my own."

"Well, of Lucy's, or mine, or any one else's; we should be perfectly safe in his hands, I am sure."

"I trust so," said George, earnestly. "If I know myself, I would save or protect you from danger at any peril."

"Would you—would you, indeed?" said the man, with strange earnestness. "If so, you may help her now."

"How?"

"She is going to Cliff Castle?"

"Yes."

"Then, if your words are anything more than words, urge her with all the influence you possess not to go, but to return."

"Why? What do you know of the castle or its owner, to make you speak thus?"

"Too much, alas! for my peace or safety."

"Explain yourself."

"I cannot. To do so would bring down certain destruction upon myself, and those I love far better than myself. Were it any other than she who saved my wife and child from the most terrible of all deaths, I would not venture even thus far."

"I thank you very much," said Beatrice, kindly. "I know you have had great reason to dislike your former master; but I do not fear him. He can have no cause, or wish to injure me. Besides, forewarned is forearmed, you know."

"Not in this instance—not in this instance! Oh, Miss Lyle, I beseech you do not go on!"

"I must. Consider how impossible it would be for me, upon so vague a warning, to refuse to fulfill my engagement. Moreover, my aunt, uncle, and cousins are gone. What is safe for them must be so for me."

"That does not follow. Miss Shirley is one of prejudices; but I—oh, she cannot wish to change, cannot but see or pity for my soul, by everything I hold dear on earth, she runs a fearful risk."

"I am sure you think so; but I fear your hatred of the Count has run away with your reason. He—he—Mr. Lyle is a gentleman, even if he wished it, while surrounded by friends and relations; so if you think and know he can, give her some definite warning."

"I cannot—I dare not!"

"Then we must proceed."

"Heaven help you, then!" said Milward, gloomily, drawing back a few paces; "for I can aid you no further."

"Ah!" said Beatrice, smiling, "you will not frighten me. George is almost the only virtue I possess, and I shall summon it all to my aid."

"I fear you will need it."

"I shall be ready."

"Ah, madam, you are too daring! You will repent this!"

"I hope not. Now, good-by! Remember me to Lucy; and be sure to write to me as soon as you reach the Abbey."

She touched Sam with her whip, and he bounded forward; but ere he had gone many yards, Milward stood panting by her side, his hand upon her bridle.

"Forgive me—forgive my boldness," he cried; "but I cannot see you rush on ruin without making one more effort to prevent you! For the sake of those who love you, I beseech—I implore you to go back!"

"The man is powerful," answered the girl, turning proudly to her eyes. "Yours are none who love me now!"

"Do not say so," exclaimed George, vehemently. "If you think that I, or many in charge, I would be the very first to say you to remain your guest."

"I know it. But neither you nor I believe there is; therefore, it would be childish to return."

"Oh, Miss Lyle—" sounded the man again; but Beatrice stopped him, saying, "I thank you very sincerely for the earnest wish to serve me which you have shown. I feel that you mean it for the best; and it would be most ungrateful not to promise you that I will be very careful, and always on my guard. More than this I cannot say. And now my poor horse has cast a shoe, can you tell me where to get it replaced? Do you know this neighborhood?"

"Every inch of it; every rabbit's nest every hole large enough to hide a mouse!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and if I can serve you in no other way, I may by this knowledge. Until you return to Shirley, I will not leave this place. If anything happens, here,"—and he wrote an address hurriedly on a slip of paper, and gave it to George—"you will find Lucy. An hour after this is placed in her hands I will be with you."

"And then!"

The man shuddered.

And Conyers, for the first time impressed with a vague fear of danger, repeated the question.

"And then?"

"*The life she has saved shall be given to save her.*"

A shrill, wild whistle, piercing earth and air, thrilled their ears at this moment; and uttering a sharp, frightened cry, Milward exclaimed,

"Away—away! I dare stay no longer!"

In mercy to his evident terror, Beatrice and her companion put their horses to their speed, nor drew rein until two miles at least of the golden moorland was passed. Then they pulled up; and George, following his thought, exclaimed,

"The poor fellow is evidently a maniac."

"I fear so. The Count's unkindness, and the suffering which has resulted, have unsettled his brain. Poor Lucy! she has a sad fate before her. We must arrange in some way to persuade him to go away from here; fresh scenes and faces may restore him to himself."

"I hope so. When we return, I will go to this address, see Lucy, and do as she advises."

"Thanks! Meanwhile, I think it will be better to say nothing of this adventure at the Castle; it will only exasperate the Count, and can do no possible good."

"I quite agree with you!"

"It is strange how I dislike that man. I do not think I was ever conscious of so strong a feeling of aversion to any one before."

"No wonder! He is a selfish egotist, and so transparently mercenary, that it is a constant marvel to me how he contrives to blind Sir James and Lady Shirley as he does."

"Oh, his name is a 'tower of strength'! Who does not reverence those old names of Italian history, linked as they are with its brightest, most unsullied pages? Hearing his, I feel quite angry with myself that I cannot respect him as I ought to do."

"Forgive yourself; you respect him quite as much as he deserves. But see—there he is! How on earth have we managed to get on the high road again? Now to offer excuses for our truancy."

"Oh, pray, make no apologies," said Julia, with a brow as dark as night, and a voice into which all the bitterness at her heart seemed pressed. "We all know what charms the society of Miss Lyle possesses for Mr. Conyers, and can only feel humbly grateful they have returned at all."

"Julia!"

"Am I not right? A cast shoe, and random search on the moors for a blacksmith, would have been such a capital plea for a whole, instead of a half day's wandering!"

Indignant and insulted by this insolent speech, Beatrice drew back; but George, more angry for her than himself, answered lightly, though with stinging emphasis,

"Come away, Miss Lyle: we are evidently *de trop* here, and must therefore forgive the scant courtesy which our *maladresse* has provoked. Now, let us ride on, and announce the approach of the Lady of Cliff Castle!"

Paralyzed with shame and rage at this well-merited retort, Julia was silent, and ere she had recovered sufficient composure to retort, George and her cousin were out of sight.

Then obeying the impulse of her infuriate passion, the girl turned her flashing eyes upon the Count, exclaiming,

"And so what insults you have subjected us! But for your obstinate, unpardonable determination to have your own way at any cost to you, I should not have been here, at the mercy—"

"Your's at no one's mercy, Miss Shirley, while I am by. Duly give me the right to chastise Mr. Conyers's impertinence, and I promise you the coupon punishment. He shall apologize to you on his knees!"

"Oh, his knees! And do you believe that you could bring him there? Is it possible you have lived in our land for so long, and yet know so little of our men? Why, he would prevent me beneath the hand shown on, even if it held a sword or pistol!"

When next they met, they be ordered the tones!—where had he learned such, and when, pray, was the occasion on which he could have obtained the right to use them? Julia, however, was too much astonished by the audacity of the speaker, to resent his presumption.

"You will not fight him!"

"If he does not apologize, yes."

"And if you do, I will never see or speak to you again!"

"I am sorry—"

"Prove it by obeying me, and losing this absurd duel. What have you so little to spare, regard for me, as to make my name the public talk—give every idiot the right to laugh at it about?"

"I shall know how to protect it."

"Oh, Count!" cried Julia, now thoroughly alarmed, "be reasonable—be generous! I provoked Mr. Conyers's speech, and the consciousness of having done so enraged me. I have a shocking temper, and when I am ill, as I have been all day, I know not what I say. Forgive me, and forget my follies!"

"Say no more, Miss Shirley, say no more! It is as if it had never been."

And leaping his spirited horse, the phaeton rolled swiftly forward, and in a few minutes the travellers came in sight of their destination.

Stretched out widely before them lay the blue waters of the German Ocean, while between them and it rose a chain of picturesque rocks, some of which ran out into the sea, until the waves beat and curled over them in wreaths of white foam, retreating again to break with a crash upon the rough, shingly beach.

Some hundred or two yards beyond high-water mark, and sheltered by the great precipitous cliffs, stood a castle, evidently much out of repair, and yet looking very beautiful in its stern and isolated grandeur, ivy-covered turrets, and wild, luxuriant gardens.

At the sight of this fine, although half-ruined pile, standing thus solemn and silent upon the wild sea-shore, the profoundest stillness unbroken save by the busy rooks that wheeled overhead, the chattering swallows darting in and out of the ivy, and the glancing sea-gulls, an emotion of pleasure, not unmixed with awe, filled the minds of the visitors. And Beatrice, the youngest, the most enthusiastic, and least familiarized with northern scenery, uttered a cry of delight, as reining up suddenly, she feasted her eyes upon the beauties before her.

In the great court-yard, which had once been filled with troops of gallant knights and armed retainers, issuing forth or returning from tourney or battle-field, but now overgrown with weeds, the party alighted, and were conducted by their host into the castle.

Within the hall, bowing the way to the "cedar drawing-room," a magnificent though scarce half-furnished apartment, stood the Count's valet.

A rapid glance and slight sign passed between Orsini and his servant, as the ladies went by into the apartment beside the door of which Pietro stood, and apparently satisfied by them, the Count followed his guests.

Upon the table was placed a really handsome collation, of which the Italian did the honors hospitably, the wines being pronounced by the gentlemen to be of first rate quality; but no servant was to be seen except the valet.

"There are no women here, as I told you before, Lady Shirley," said Orsini, referring to the subject. "The old gardener and Pietro do all I require when I come; but a couple of strong, rough fishermen's wives have been hunted up, and will, I hope, manage to make you comfortable. They are not, of course, very polished specimens of feminine humanity; but you will make allowance for a bachelor's difficulties and shortcomings!"

"To be sure! to be sure! Although at present I see nothing of either."

"You have scarcely had time."

"Well, never mind. Do not fear; we shall do capitally. Adele is a host in her own little person; and we are all prepared to wait upon ourselves."

"I hope your ladyship will not be reduced to such an extremity," said Pietro, respectfully. "Mademoiselle Adele and I will make it our duty to prevent it."

"Thank you—thank you! I fancy though, you will find plenty of more important matters to attend to. But now, Count, we really ought to waste no more of this charming day."

"You wish to go out?"

"Not beyond the castle. May we not see that first?"

"As you please. But—"

"Your lordship will find all in tolerable order," said the valet; "only, Willis tells me that the rooms over the—the—the—"

"Why, what is the matter with the rooms?"

"Of course not, my lord; but there is a—a—a

[illegible]

"Of course. The men must take their chance, and pay the penalty of their intrusion; but the girls must be saved," replied another voice.

"Yes, my only safety lies in this marriage!"

"The example is a good one: I shall certainly follow it."

"So you said before! Well, the object of your admiration is here!"

"Yes, and her fortune you say is safe! It would not do to run any hazard on that score!"

"No, it is all right. I learned that long ago, from that ostentatious simpleton of an uncle, my angel's father."

"Well now then—"

At this critical moment the terrified listener, who had held her breath to hear, made some slight movement, which alarmed the speakers, who became as silent as the grave, while Beatrice, in an agony of terror, sank down behind a ruined buttress.

CHAPTER VI.

Mysterious words were they, and ominous [illegible]

[illegible]

"You have your [illegible]. Report to me here, to-morrow, at [illegible] hour, the progress you have made in [illegible] fulfillment: meantime, let all go on as has done during the last week. Keep [illegible] quiet, and take care of that chatter[illegible] French girl. Now, have the boats brou[illegible] round to the creek; pick the crews care[illegible], and let them wear as many different [illegible] as they can muster, so as to look like [illegible] of the coast. I have promised [illegible] a sail."

(TO BE [illegible].)

SECESSION ITEMS.

Mr. Thompson, [illegible] of the Interior, resigned upon lear[illegible] that reinforcements had been sent to Fo[illegible].

WILMINGTON, N. [illegible] Jan. 10.—Fort Johnson and Fort Casw[illegible] taken possession of on the night of [illegible] inst., by the Smithville Guards.

NEW ORLEANS, [illegible] 10.—Within the last twenty-four hours [illegible] military expeditions have left the city [illegible] Forts Jackson and Pike and the Baton [illegible] Arsenal.

The National V[illegible] of Washington, (a military compan[illegible] meeting on the 10th, adopted the follow[illegible] resolution:—

Resolved, That [illegible] will act, in the event of the withdrawal of [illegible] and Virginia from the Union, in such [illegible] as shall best secure ourselves and [illegible] States from the evils of a foreign and ho[illegible] government within or near their border.

MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION.—The ordinance for immediate secess[illegible] passed on the 9th by 84 to 15. Guns [illegible] fired in honor of the event.

TALLAHASSEE, [illegible], January 11.—The ordinance of secess[illegible], declaring the separation of Florida fr[illegible] Federal Union, was passed by the Sta[illegible] yesterday, at 12 30 P. M., by a [illegible] of 62 yeas to 7 nays.

The Arsenal of [illegible], Florida, has been seized, by o[illegible] the Governor, under the pretext that [illegible] United States officer was about to remove [illegible].

A private dispa[illegible] the Charleston Courier, from Mont[illegible], Alabama, says that Fort Pike has be[illegible] by Louisiana.

The Federal tr[illegible] have abandoned all the forts in Pensacol[illegible], except Fort Pickens, where they [illegible] concentrated.

Three hundred [illegible] have left Mobile to surprise Fort Pi[illegible].

[illegible] New Orleans, Jan. 11.—The troops [illegible] possession of the Baton Rouge Arsenal [illegible] o'clock, noon, to-day.

Forts Jackson [illegible] St. Philip, on the Mis[illegible]

[illegible]

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

SEEDS—There is more demand for Cloverseed, and prices are better, with sales and resales of 4000 bus, mostly at $5@5,50 from first hands, as in quality—the latter for recleaned seed, including some from second hands, at about 9c ℔ [illegible]. Timothy and Flaxseed are quiet; we quote the former at $2@2,25, and the latter at $1,45@1,50 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Foreign continues dull, and Brandy and Gin are selling in a small way only at quotations. N. E. Rum is steady at 33@34c. In Whiskey there has been more doing, and prices are better. Pennsylvania bbls selling at 18@18½c; Western do. at 19@19½c; Drudge at 17@17½c, and hhds at 17½@18c.

SUGARS have ruled steady but quiet with further small sales of New Orleans at 6@6½c, and 200 hhds and 500 boxes Cuba at about 6c, all on the usual credit. Refined Sugars are better.

TALLOW—There is very little doing, and we quote city at 9½@9¾c ℔ ℔.

TOBACCO—The market is very quiet, but without any material alteration to note.

WOOL—There is some little inquiry, principally to go East, and the prices of fleece are unsettled and lower. The sales comprise about 60,000 lbs, in lots, at from 40c up to 50@55c for common to full blood and fine, mostly at 50c ℔ ℔.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 12.—FLOUR quiet; sales of 5500 bbls.—Wheat firm; 20,000 bus sold; white 1c lower; Milwaukie Club $1,30. Red Western $1,28. Corn firm; 40,000 bus sold at 71@73½c. Lard firm at [illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 7th, Mr. Mason offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the sole object of the tariff act of the last session of Congress, known as the tariff act, was the collection of duties on foreign imports; and that the provisions of said act were framed with a single view to that object, and to the raising of revenue for the support of the Government.

Also, a resolution declaring that the constitution was passed upon 13th, page 25.

In Congress, on the 8th, the President sent in a message in relation to the forts in the harbor of Charleston. He says that it is not his purpose to change the military force in the forts, but on account of the threatening aspect of affairs, he has deemed it proper to increase the force in command at Fort Sumter. He says that he has no reason to suppose that the force will be used for any purpose than to protect the public property. He also recommends that the Government be authorized to purchase the steamer Star of the West, or to charter her for a term of years.

Mr. Crittenden reports that he was convinced by many things that the satisfaction of the South required to proceed to the hostile act alluded to in his message.

Mr. Hunter called Rouse and advises a peaceable solution of the difficulties, and proposes as follows:—

It is said that certain representative men are to meet certain conventions in the South. I do not know that any such meeting has been held by disunionists before the 4th of March next. In any event, it will be my duty to preserve it, and this duty shall be performed.

In connection, I may be permitted to say a few words that I have to present to the consideration of the Senate which may not round us. This may be the last time I shall refer to the subject officially. I feel that my duty has been performed, and I trust that my conduct will be approved. It may be the last time I shall ever address the Senate. I said may be, I shall carry to my grave the consciousness that I at least meant well for my country.

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington City, Jan. 5, 1861.

On the 11th, in the Senate, Mr. Bigler called for the yeas and nays on taking up the Crittenden resolutions. The vote resulted—yeas 15, nays 31—as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Bigler, Bragg, Bright, Crittenden, Fitch, Hemphill, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Pearce, Rice, Saulsbury, Slidell, Thompson, and Wigfall—13.

NAYS—Messrs. Anthony, Baker, Bingham, Chandler, Chesbro, Clark, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Foot, Foster, Green, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, and Wilson—21.

The private calendar was then considered. After which,

Mr. Lane moved to take up the resolutions reported by Mr. Davis, inquiring into the expenses of military establishments and forts. Agreed to.

Mr. Trumbull moved an amendment, approving the conduct of Major Anderson, in withdrawing from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter, and the determination of the President to maintain that officer in his present position, and that we will support the President in all constitutional measures for the enforcement of the laws and the preservation of the Union.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, said—before the end of the month six more States from you will have seceded from the Union. It is not now a question of saving or preserving the old Union. We will construct a new Government and a new Union, which we hope and pray may be in peace. But if we are forced to defend ourselves against the attack of the North, establishing it so as forever to be secure. Mr. Hunter mentioned certain amendments to the Constitution that must be made, including the recognition of slave property as property by Congress wherever the United States has exclusive jurisdiction.

Mr. Hunter also argued that all laws to be passed hereafter should be passed by a majority in the Senate of Senators of the slaveholding States, and of the nonslaveholding States, and every law must receive a majority from the slaveholding States and a majority from the nonslaveholding States. This proposition being equivalent to having two Senates in one Chamber and two Houses of Representatives in one Hall. The Supreme Court, he said, should be also re-adjusted, so as to consist of five Judges from each section—the Chief Justice to be one of the five.

Mr. Hunter denied that coercion was either right or just, and said the forts at Charleston should be returned to South Carolina. It was the only way to prevent civil war.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, spoke at length on the Fugitive Slave law, opposing the idea that the South should govern the North, and that the North should obey the South, or that the majority should submit to the minority. He said the real grievance of the Southern people is explained by the fact that the Republicans gained a victory on the 6th of November last, in the election of their candidates for President and Vice President. They dislike to resign the reins of Government to their political opponents.

On the 12th, Mr. Seward made a conciliatory speech, quoting from the inaugural of State under Mr. Lincoln, caused to be regarded with great interest. He argued against secession as against the interests of all sections—advocated the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the repeal of all State laws that really obstruct it—and suggested the removal of the territorial controversy from Congress by admitting Kansas, and establishing two new States out of the remaining territory, with power to divide them hereafter, if that can be constitutionally done. He doubts the constitutionality of this latter proposition, however. As to the expediency of invoking and amending the Constitution, Mr. Seward is warmly in favor of it. He thinks this should only be done after the present feverish state of the public mind has subsided; say in one, two or three years hence. He believes that the perfection and excellence of the organic laws of any government, by the people are both wise and salutary. As the Union is the safety of all the people, Republicans, as well as others, in regard to Republicanism as enunciated in the platform, Mr. Seward closed with the expression of his abiding faith in the Union. He did not believe that the power which had preserved it this long, would allow it to be destroyed before it had accomplished its mission.

In the House, Mr. Howard (Rep., Mich.) moved that the Message be referred to a Special Committee of five, with instructions to inquire whether any Executive officers of the United States have failed or are now treating or holding treasonable correspondence with any persons for the transfer of forts and other property; whether any demand for their surrender has been made by whom, and what answer has been given; whether any officer or officers have entered into any pledge not to send reinforcements or munitions to the harbor of Charleston, and if so, when, where, by whom, and on what consideration; whether the Custom House, Post Office, and Arsenal at Charleston, have been seized, by whose hold in possession, whether any revenue-cutter has been seized, and whether any efforts have been made to recover it. The Committee to have power to send for persons and papers, and to report by the first day of the next session. Agreed to by 128 ayes to 63 noes.

In the House, on the 14th, Mr. Clark, of N. H., offered a resolution declaring that the Secretary of War is directed to withdraw the troops from the forts in Charleston harbor. Mr. Pryor, of Va., moved to lay the resolution on the table. Carried—yeas 113, nays 71.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a resolution that they cannot recognize any right in any State to secede from the Union, and that they will not allow any State to withdraw from the Union, and that they will maintain the Union by all the means in their power. Mr. Pryor

Wit and Humor.

THE FINAL DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

Science comes, which investor about the sun in 24 years, has been observed to contain all creation in a congenially charming manner, and that it is fading down toward the sun. This fact has led to the generally received conclusion that the planets are moving into a resisting medium, for were it not so, they would, after a few revolutions, have their velocity destroyed, and fall sudden to after their motions. If this be so, it follows by strict necessity that our earth and the other orbs are all winding spirally towards the sun, and that they must eventually strike against it and become incorporated with its mass. The time required for the proper change in these inconceivable periods with which geology and astronomy have to deal. The resisting medium is so exceedingly attenuated that it exerts but a slight influence on the comets, which are themselves masses of the very thinnest vapor, and its influence would of course be very much less on the denser matter of the planets. Astronomical observations, with all their wonderful delicacy, have yet failed to detect the slightest progressive shortening in the periods of revolution of any of the planets. It is curious, however, to note the multiplied obstacles which prevent the perception of this fact, if it does exist. All the measures of these revolutions are shortening with the revolutions themselves. If we begin, for instance, with the earth, the problem is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the earth in its journey around the sun is gradually becoming shorter. The first plan that suggests itself is to compare this with the rotation of the earth upon its axis, to see whether the year occupies the same number of days and hours and seconds that it did in former times. But if the earth is gradually cooling, it is contracting in size, and its rotations on its axis are becoming more rapid; in other words, the day is shortening with the year; and if the measure shrinks just in proportion to the thing measured, we cannot tell whether the latter is becoming shorter or not. If we take the time of the revolutions of the moon around the earth as a standard, the same resisting medium would draw the moon towards the earth and shorten the month also with the year. If we resort even to the less satisfactory measure of the sun's rotation on his axis, the bulk is also diminishing by the radiation of his heat, and the period of his rotation is consequently becoming shorter. In brief, from the two causes of radiation and the resisting medium, all the times and distances which could be used to measure the earth's distance from the sun (or the period of its annual revolution) are shortening together. So that the *difference* in the extent of these several contractions are the only means left for detecting by observation the approach of the earth to the sun, if such approach is really taking place. These differences would doubtless reveal themselves in the course of generations to refined astronomical observation.

If the earth and the sun are gradually becoming cold, this winding of the earth towards the sun would tend to keep up its warmth, and it may be a wise provision for prolonging, for some millions of years, the continuance of animal life upon our globe. But this period must come to a close, for if there is a resisting medium pervading the space between us and the sun, the final destiny of the earth is to curve gradually inward till, with a velocity hundreds of times greater than that of a cannon ball, it dashes itself with an awfully sublime crash into the mass of the sun.

ABERNETHY'S RECIPE FOR INDIGESTION.

Alden Gobble, a lover of misrule, was dyspeptic, and suffered great uneasiness after eating. So he goes to Abernethy for advice.

"What is the matter with you?" asks the doctor.

"Why, I presume I have got the dyspepsy."

"Ah," said the doctor, "I see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest."

"I am an American citizen," says Alden, with great dignity, "I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James's."

"Then," said Abernethy, "you will soon get rid of your dyspepsy."

"Don't see that inference," said Alden; "it don't follow from what you predicate at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill because he is called by a free and enlightened people to fill an important office."

"But I tell you it does follow," said the doctor: "for in the company you'll have to keep you'll have to eat like a Christian. I never saw a Yankee who didn't bolt his food like a boa-constrictor. How can you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your sallow, for you expend it on your carpet instead of your food. It's disgusting—it's beastly! You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart—as full as it will hold, and as fast as he can stick it in with a hay-fork; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy! pooh! it's beastly you mean. I tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to dravel out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your tobacco, and you'll be well in a month."—*English Paper.*

☞ A clear serene reflector all objects that are upon its shore, but is quenched by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

☞ "Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that the clock-tinker always keeps his features of a good cheerful look?" "No." "Well, it is because, like many fellers, he always carries his master with him."

THE "GOOD TIME COMING."

Our men will be so strong, by and by, on account of Windship, and our horses so handy, on account of Barny, that we may expect to see some sport like the above introduced before the winter is over.—*Philadelphia Paper.*

FAIR AND FALSE.

There was a tender beauty in her face,
A smile like magic,
A mystic light within her soft dark eyes,
Half gay—half tragic.

As if the better angel of her life
At times were grieving,
To find that one so fair and young could be
Ever deceiving.

For, chime to tell! she trifled with *two* hearts,
With both coquetting,
And so *I* tore her image from *my* breast,
My love forgetting.

Yet blame not all because deceit lay shrined
In heart so youthful;
For *one false* woman, trust me, you will find
Two thousand truthful!

B. S. MONTGOMERY.

A Lawyer's Mistake, and How He Got Out of It.—"I had," said Lord Eldon, "very early after I was called to the bar, a brief in business in the King's Bench, as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument, and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and, upon his turning his head towards me, I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood for whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client. He gave me a very rough and rude reply, and for not having sooner set him right, and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the court was all that could be stated against his client, and that he had put the case as unfavorable as possible against him, in order that the court might see how very satisfactory the case against him could be answered; and, accordingly, very powerfully answered what he had before stated."

Agricultural.

FARMERS' CLOTHES.

There is a gradual change going on in society now-a-days, so that it is really fashionable to dress conveniently. The "dress" or swallow-tail coat is perhaps the most inconvenient and unsuitable article of dress to be worn out of doors that can be, and yet how many men go to church in this half costume, and think they are well dressed. Our attention is called to this garment at this time by seeing from our office window a charcoal dealer, standing in the rain, dressed in black pantaloons and a dress coat. A red shirt and overalls would be appropriate, and with a blue frock he would look like a man of sense.

Clothing should always be appropriate and convenient. In farm labors the body has to undergo as many peculiar bendings, and take as many attitudes as in the sailor's, but not as constantly. We go aloft in the barn, we climb fences, spring upon horseback, dig in narrow ditches, and go through all sorts of movements in using the axe and flail, the hoe and pick, the scythe and shovel; and our clothing, like the sailor's, should be loose and easy, warm, not in the way, and many-pocketed. A Dutchman's frock is a good dress to go to market in; and, depend upon it, a farmer in a frock will be better attended to in market, whether he is purchaser or seller, than if he comes in an old-fashioned rusty broadcloth suit, like a poor gentleman, or decayed professional man. By this very dress he shows that he is not above his business, and sells as a farmer.

A sailor's dress is, after all, not exactly the best dress for a farmer. The farmer should wear boots—thick, water-proof boots for much of his work. The sailor wears shoes. The pantaloons of the farmer should tuck into his boots, hence, as little cloth as possible should be in the legs. For our own part we like the style worn by the old countryman, whose breeches button moderately tight about the ankle and half way up the calf. Like the sailor's, the farmer's pantaloons should be supported by the waist-band and not by suspenders. Indeed the latter cannot be worn together with the waist-band, for the former would draw the latter out of place—and the latter is the natural pair of limbs—and should be loose and fall about the hips.

It is most important that persons who are liable to profuse perspiration—and all men who labor are—should wear woollen garments next the skin. Red flannel shirts are to be recommended for both summer and winter. They are cool in summer and warm in winter, absorb the perspiration, and permit its evaporation without chilling the wearer. The color is bright and agreeable, and it presents a soiled appearance before the shirt is really dirty. A knit shirt, particularly for winter, wear as an outer garment while at work, tucked inside the waistband, is exceedingly comfortable; and when the regular sailor's pea-jacket, made of good stout pilot cloth, just long enough to cover the hips, with liberal side-pockets, double-breasted, and with a good collar to turn up to keep snow out of the neck, is worn outside, a man needs no better clothing for ordinary cold weather. There are no coat-tails or skirts in the way, no difficulty about getting one's hands into his pockets, nothing superfluous and everything convenient; loose enough for every action, and close enough for warmth. The throat ought never to be protected, (except when affected by a cold or cough; then keep it thoroughly warm,) except in cases of extreme exposure, like driving in a storm or great cold. Nothing makes the person more susceptible to lung and throat complaints than side handling up with furs, or tippets, or comforters—good in their time, but greatly abused by our people by being used at all times.

Finally—hats. A farmer is not exposed to falling ropes, or spars, or tackle—hence, does not need a stiff tarpaulin, like a sailor or a fireman. His hat should be cool and airy in the summer, and should give shade to his head and face. A light straw, palm-leaf, or chip hat, with a moderately broad brim and low crown, is the thing for the hot season.—For the winter we need something which is warmer, which will not blow off easily, which will shade the eyes from the great glare of the sun on the snow, which will in a measure protect us from rain, and which will not be in the way nor become easily injured. A cloth cap with good liberal front-piece, or a medium or low-crowned soft felt hat, answers these requirements perfectly.

As to color of garments—the farmer should avoid black, unless he is in the habit of riding and attending fashionable parties, and then he must, of course, conform to the mode. Add the grays, pepper-and-salts, and a great variety of browns commend themselves.—Blue we avoid, because it is a color that has been adopted by the military, and has a sort of "U. S. A." or "U. S. M." look. Poor stock is oftener made up into black goods than into cloth of other colors—an additional reason why it is not profitable. It shows every speck of dirt, and when threadbare looks poverty-stricken enough.

As to texture. Other things being equal, those goods which either possess a full nap or fatty surface besides the thread, and thus are, though loosely woven, quite thick, and enclose considerable air, are warm in proportion to the quantity of air enclosed in their structure. A shaggy cloth, if not made of too coarse wool, though coarsely woven and loose in texture, will be found warmer than an equally heavy cloth which is woven compactly, and which has been sheared, carded and toasted till on every part the close short nap is laid in an even silky surface. Our clothes keep us warm not by keeping the outer air off, that is, from contact with the skin, but by surrounding us with a mass of air which is warm and by its adhesion to the fabrics with which we are clothed is not readily displaced, at least not before it imparts a portion of its warmth to the air which displaces it, and so prevents our feeling the chill. Some garments with a long nap shed rain like much more readily than those with a non-fulled surface.

The long and short of this matter is that we should have a regular working dress, which should be made with a view to convenience and economy only, and for other times clothing that can be worn and worn out without appearing ridiculous. We are said to be the worst-dressed class of the population, and distinguished from others by being improperly and unnecessarily dressed, and it is time we were setting up a fashion for ourselves. Let us make a change.—*Condensed from the Homestead.*

FERRETS—HOW TO KEEP THEM.

A correspondent of the "Farmer and Planter," gives directions for the rearing and management of ferrets, which have been found so useful in the destruction of rats:—

"My ferret-house is about three feet square and two and a half feet high, with a double pitch roof, glass front for the winter, and wire front for summer. The interior is divided by a low partition about six inches high, one department forming their sleeping room, and the other for their use when nature may require, and to which they will always resort; the floor of the latter should have a liberal supply of sawdust as an absorbing medium. This arrangement is absolutely necessary, as the ferret has a great repugnance to lying in any filth; consequently the cleaner their sleeping department is kept, the more it will contribute to their comfort and thrift. Their food may consist of milk, and bread and milk, and scraps of meat, if fed sometimes raw, will make them keen for animal food, and excite disposition to gratify their appetite by an onslaught on their old enemy, the rat. They should be fed regularly three times a day, unless it is desired to "run" them. In that case they must receive no food at least twelve hours previous.

Allow them plenty of exercise, by indulging them in their favorite service of hunting rats, and you will greatly promote their health, as well as cause them to be more efficient in thoroughly exterminating every vestige of these destructive vermin.

No farmer should be without a pair of ferrets, as they are without doubt the only means of clearing his premises and keeping them clear of rats. They are very prolific breeders, having sometimes twelve or thirteen young at a litter, are easily raised, quite hardy, and require but little attention. By gently handling them at intervals, or when any leisure moment occurs, they soon become quite gentle in disposition, and may be used as pets among children without fear of injury. They can accommodate themselves to the size of almost any rat hole, searching diligently in every nook and corner to discover nests of young rats, or the hiding place of older ones. The price of ferrets ranges from six to ten dollars per pair, according to the choice in a litter.

Useful Receipts.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

German Puffs.—1 pint milk; 2 eggs, well beaten together; add milk and flour gradually to the eggs, leaving half the milk to the last; a little salt. Put the batter in buttered tea-cups, about two-thirds full; bake half an hour. This makes 4 cups.

Apple Jelly.—Wash and pare half a peck tart apples, and throw them in water. Peel 9 lemons and scald the peel, letting it remain on the stove; cut the lemons, and put them through the apples in the kettle, and pour in the lemon water, making about a quart in all. Put a plate over them and stew slowly until perfectly to a pulp; then throw them into a jelly-bag, and let it drip. Measure 1 pound sugar to each pint of juice, and boil 20 minutes. Put in moulds.

Orange Cocoa-Nut.—Break up a fine nut. Peel and grate it into a pan, and sweeten it with powdered sugar. Have ready some fine, large ripe oranges. First peel, and then cut them into round slices, rather thick, removing the seeds. Cover with slices of orange the bottom of a large glass bowl; then a layer of cocoa-nut, and so on till all are used. Pile grated cocoa-nut, heaped, on the top.

Preserved Orange Skins.—Cut them in strips the size of a straw, and boil them in a strong syrup till clear. Keep them for Bird's Nest Pudding.

In making syrup for any kind of preserves, one gill of water to each pound of sugar is enough.

Stewed Apples for Winter Use.—When good apples are plenty in the autumn, pare, core, stew in as little water as possible, to taste, strain through a colander; then return them again to the porcelain kettle to heat well, and, having ready heated, "Arthur's Jars," or any air tight ones; fill them and close. You have then stock for winter pies or puddings.

Microscopic Phenomena.—Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but seen through a microscope, exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square, and conical, and mostly irregular; and what is more surprising, in their cavities have been found, by the microscope, insects of various kinds. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibits a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long white, transparent stalks, and the buds, before they open, are little green balls which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of butterflies prove by the microscope to be beautiful and well-arranged little feathers. By the same instrument the surface of our skin has scales resembling those of fish; but so minute that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale covers five hundred pores, whence issues the insensible perspiration necessary to health; consequently, a single grain of sand can cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores of the human body.

☞ Curious Way of Hatching Eggs.—We are assured by Mr. Arthur Hutchens, of Ball Hicky House, near Bentry, that the country people there have for years placed their hen eggs in the crows' nests of his "rookery," and are always sure of their being brought out; they watch the crows while laying, remove their own eggs, carry and place them in the eggs of the crow, and "leave them" to their fate; in twenty-one days they are seen to be out, and they say are very healthy, and easily to be reared.—*English Paper.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 121 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 37, 21, 56, 104, 109, 114, 56, 66, 15, 16, 17, is a quote in Longfellow.

My 4, 36, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, was one of the first Spanish settlers.

My 6, 60, 61, 62, 63, 73, is a county in Indiana.

My 7, 112, 113, 80, 90, 95, 4, was a philosopher of Elis.

My 9, 33, 124, 86, 116, was a British General in the American Revolution.

My 10, 3, 120, 39, 111, 3, 120, was a Revolutionary patriot.

My 11, 66, 103, 105, 66, 47, 116, 3, 73, 48, 60, were the princes of Cyrene.

My 12, 67, 93, 99, 114, 54, 39, was one of the three Graces.

My 13, 114, 104, 16, 15, 95, was a herdsman, turned by Mercury into a lookstone.

My 14, 101, 30, 124, is a phenomenon caused by the intermixture of masses of moisture.

My 18, 68, 92, 120, 12, 77, was a Secretary of State under President Tyler.

My 19, 81, 49, 98, 67, 98, was Neptune's trumpeter.

My 17, 69, 65, 99, 119, 45, was one of the Muses.

My 23, 5, 28, 100, 45, 120, 11, 4, was united to the body of her lover.

My 26, 102, 99, 56, 124, 109, are three subterranean watercourses insensible except in abundant, clear or siliation.

My 28, 48, 126, 29, was a noted sentence of Church.

My 34, 13, 18, 31, 65, 93, 75, 109, was a person remarkable for his sleepings, duplicity, and dissimulation.

My 35, 65, 66, 5, 36, 126, is a body of which the centre is at the same distance from every part of the circumference.

My 38, 95, 98, 118, 43, 113, 125, is a county in Georgia.

My 39, 31, 94, 75, 55, is one of the planets.

My 39, 106, 50, is condensed vapor, arising from damp ground.

My 39, 101, 128, 73, 116, 44, 17, 60, was a King of Papahigonia.

My 30, 120, 7, 89, 9, 56, 99, 110, is a term signifying "the east."

My 40, 80, 90, 113, 120, 2, was the wife of Fauna.

My 41, 2, 16, is a property belonging to all bodies submerged in water.

My 46, 111, 91, 64, 40, is a county in Indiana.

My 48, 15, 59, 83, 66, 66, 125, 0, is noted for a battle fought there during the American Revolution.

My 50, 62, 122, 68, 59, 80, 46, 70, is a gas, so called, from its property of forming a substance like oil when added to chlorine.

My 54, 37, 108, 109, 115, 76, 18, was the first tragic poet.

My 63, 3, 117, 16, 5, 41, 96, 107, 121, 84, 60, 48, is a town in one of the Eastern States.

My 64, 80, 120, 39, 117, is a beautiful style of pleasure boat.

My 65, 74, 2, 42, 37, 48, 18, 76, 3, 46, 85, were the ancient gods of Greece.

My 79, 9, 14, 31, 126, 3, 33, is a lake in South America.

My 82, 8, 44, 3, 96, 60, 114, 86, 75, 123, 99, 63, was an antediluvian animal which, says Cuvier, must have resembled the tapir of the present day.

My 90, 76, 81, 84, 32, 59, 35, was a daughter of Jupiter.

My 124, 105, 35, 125, 15, 18, was a son of Neptune.

My whole was a sentiment uttered by one of America's greatest orators. GAINES W.

CHARADE.

On Alma's heights my first was seen,
It was indeed a bloody scene;
In every room my next is found,
Some sight or sine feet above the ground.
An adjunct next, I now must place,
And just fill up a little space.
With wearers now my next is seen,
My next in yards, or on the green.
Young ladies high in air will drag
This last a very simple thing,
And with my first they strike me sore,
If I attempt myself to lower;
Now, gentle ladies, tell my name,
My whole's a very pretty game. A. G.

CHARADE.

My first's an ugly reptile:
My next an humble seat:
My whole's a vegetable
That's never fit to eat.

CHARADE.

My first is underneath my whole. My second is above my whole. And my whole is an article of clothing. LILLIAN MAY.

DIVISION PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons, A, B and C, buy 100 yards of muslin, paying for the whole thereof $9,80; of which A pays 3,78, B pays $3,92, and C pays the remaining $2,40; then, when they came to divide it, they find that as it runs into the piece it gradually became better and better. C declares that he will have his share of the best end, and if he should get a less number of yards. B is willing to take his portion from the middle as it is. And A, who does not look so much to the quality as to the quantity, is contented to take his share from the poorer end, provided it is valued cheaper. They all three then agree that C's portion should be valued at 1 cent per yard more than B's portion; and that A's portion should be valued at 1 cent per yard less than B's portion; and that each of the three should take out his full amount of the purchase money, according to this valuation, in muslin. How many yards of muslin does each receive? AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies? Ans.—General Housework.

☞ Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Ans.—Because they scintillate (sin till late).

☞ If Queen Victoria gave Prince Albert a kiss, and he returned it, what public bellring would it name? Ans.—Regal Exchange.

☞ Why should an old-woman wear a Tartan waistcoat? Ans.—To keep a check on his stomach.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Scotland (sand, coon, Ohio, toll, lost, isle, Man, Dora.) GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Independence of the roster. DOUBLE REBUS.—Toled-brush—(Plumb, Ate, Ill, Nose, Death.) TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—1, Wo-(1)-lng-ton; 2, Kingston(s); 3, Milton; 4, Bright (o)-ton; 5, Hingham; 6, Hat-field; 7, Rock-any; 8, Corn-(h)-all; 9, Dun-(k)-irk; 10, Pen-(t)-ake; 11, Bent(l)y. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—A sent by 6565, B 6565, C 6565, 6. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A 2000, B 2000, C 2000, B 2000.